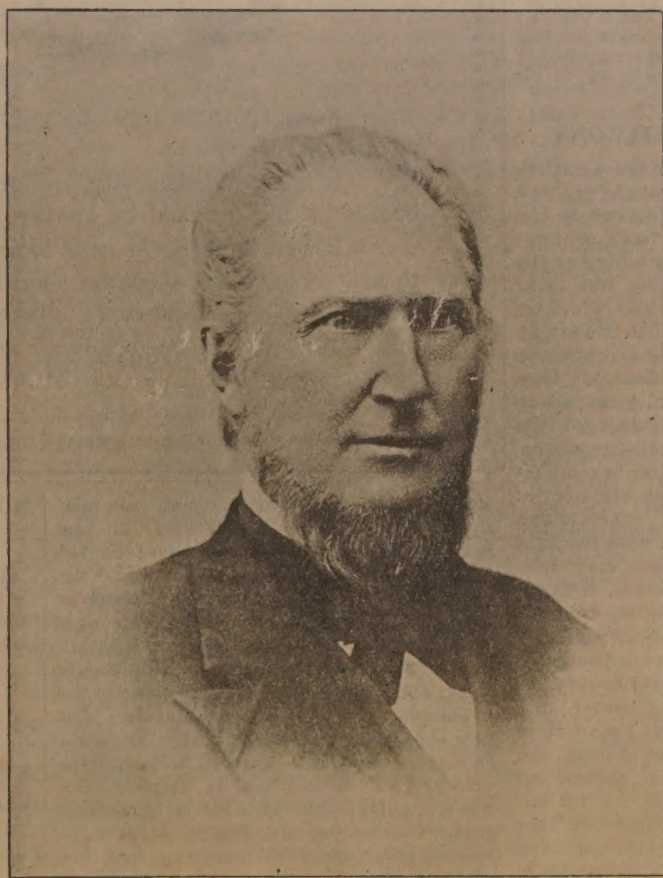


Zion's Herald

July 20, 1898



The Late Rev. John H. Twombly, D. D.

1898

OLD GLORY*

REV. WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, D. D.

We have heard the battle bugle break the
silence of the night,
We have seen the battle columns in the
tempest of the fight,
And beheld Old Glory shining with its stars
of morning light,
While Freedom marched along.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Freedom is marching on.

We have seen our country battle when the
North and South were foes,
We have seen heroic struggles 'twixt the
battle's dawn and close,
But that day of fatal warfare dims into a
deep repose,
And Freedom marches on.

We have lived to see Old Glory float its stars
from strand to strand,
And have seen it wave in triumph o'er the
Spaniard's conquered land,
And the South and North are vanished, for
Americans we stand;
And Freedom marches on.

'Neath Stripes and Stars we're marching to
the freeing of the world;
And for Freedom fleets and navies into bat-
tles thick are hurled;
And the dear folds of Old Glory to the
world's winds are unfurled,
While Freedom marches on.

* The above is a hymn which Dr. Quayle wrote for
the Memorial Day service over which he presided
in Kansas City. It was sung with stirring effect by
a great congregation, largely made up of old
soldiers.

THE ENEMY'S TESTIMONY

ONE by one the details of the great sea
fight at Santiago are brought out, and
one by one they add to the credit and to the
significance of the American fleet's achieve-
ment. It is not merely the winning of the
victory that counts. That that was to be
done was, with so superior a fleet, a matter
of course. It is the way in which it was won
and in which the campaign was conducted
from first to last. American testimony from
various points of view has been given, all to
the same effect. Now comes that of the
Spanish captains, still more impressive
and convincing. It tells, better in some re-
spects than any other ever can, the story of
American strategy, readiness, coolness and
awfully effective energy when once the fight
was on. The tribute of brave men van-
quished to brave men victorious, it forms
perhaps the highest tribute of all that can
be paid to the American heroes of Santiago.

First, the strategy. Commander Centrenes
denies that the Spanish fleet was dodging or
trying to elude our own. However that
may be, he frankly admits that Commodore
Schley outmaneuvered Admiral Cervera, and
by clever ruse and unexpected promptness
surprised and trapped him in the harbor.
And there he was perfectly guarded, so that
whenever the Spaniards looked through the
sea gate to see if they might escape there
was always that inexorable crescent of steel
in the offing, perpetually ready to turn them
back or to destroy them. Nor did this readi-
ness fail at the supreme moment. The
Spanish lookouts reported that some of the
blockading ships were out of sight, the line
was weakened, and the hour was opportune.
So out came the Spanish squadron with a
rush. But the ships that had trapped them
and had guarded them were still there to
fight them.

They steered straight for the "Brooklyn,"
the swiftest but the weakest of the big ships
in the American line. She, they thought,
"being light in protection, would be the
easiest to sink, and as she was fast, would be
best out of the way." The mighty "Viz-
caya," says Captain Eulate, sought to ram
her. Had she done so, she might have gone
through the weaker "Brooklyn" as through
a paper box. But just as Farragut with the

wooden "Hartford" ran down an iron ram,
so Schley turned the "Brooklyn" to ram
the "Vizcaya." "The manœuvre of the
'Brooklyn,'" says Captain Eulate, "was
beautiful. I moved in toward the shore so
that I could avoid her." It was the stronger
fleeing from the weaker. Nor was that all.
The "Brooklyn's" batteries did fearful
work. She had no big guns like those of the
"Vizcaya" and of her own consorts. But
how she worked her small ones! "We never
thought," says one Spanish officer, "the
'Brooklyn's' battery was so terrible. She
was a frightful sight when all her guns were
going." And Captain Eulate adds: "The
'Brooklyn's' broadside crashing into our
superstructure simply terrorized the men.
She simply drove us in to the shore. . . . It
was the 'Brooklyn' that prevented me from
getting away."

That is the testimony, and it may well be
believed. It is no reflection upon the superb
achievements of our other ships to give this
praise to Commodore Schley and the "Brook-
lyn," for the "Brooklyn" was built to be
the swiftest of them all, and was the lightest
in guns and armor. The "Oregon" and the
"Iowa" outclassed the Spaniards in fight-
ing strength, but were outclassed by them in
speed. With the "Brooklyn" conditions
were exactly reversed. She was never meant
to stand up in set battle against such float-
ing fortresses as the "Vizcaya." Yet, by
virtue of her speed and manœuvring ability,
the fierce but accurate energy with which
her batteries were served, and the genius of
her Commodore, she did that very thing, and
did it with complete success. What a lesson
it is for the highest practicable speed for
battleships and for the heaviest possible
armament for our swift cruisers! — *Tribune.*



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Zion's Herald

Volume LXXVI

Boston, Wednesday, July 20, 1898

Number 29

Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

A. S. WEED, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

American Ship Building

Fifteen years ago, when we began a new navy, we were obliged to send abroad for material and for plans. To-day we are successfully competing with the world, and our ships have in some respects proved themselves superior to any men-of-war afloat. That other nations should be quick to take advantage of this was to be expected, and when Japan and Russia signed contracts for American-built men-of-war, no one was surprised. The Japanese cruiser had her trial trip off the coast of Maine last week, and made an average of 22.75 knots an hour. As there was no premium for speed the builders were content with exceeding the contract by only a quarter of a knot, under unfavorable circumstances. The ship, which is named *Kasagi*, was completed six months inside the limit of time. This is something that has never occurred before in constructing a ship of that size. She is not the fastest man-of-war in the world, as has been reported, but she made twenty-three knots on the home stretch. The course was only forty miles. The ships of our Navy are tried over a course requiring four hours to traverse. The *Kasagi* is a ship of about 6,000 tons, and is very heavily armored. She would be a fine addition to any navy, and the Japanese officials were delighted with her. She will be pushed to completion with all despatch and delivered to the Japanese representatives at an early date.

The Chinese Rebellion

The great empire is threatened with dismemberment. England, France, Germany and Russia are seriously embarrassing the present dynasty, and the Emperor has already submitted to indignities that would have driven his predecessors to suicide. In addition to this, the rebellion in the district of Wu-Chau-Fu occasions great uneasiness. The imperial troops were defeated near Wu-Chau and 1,500 of them were killed. The cities of Yung-Shien, Pei-Lin and Hu-Chuan have fallen, and the rebel leaders have vowed to overthrow the Manchu domination throughout the province. They make liberal promises to all the different localities that will send re-

cruits to their aid, and by dividing the spoil among the poor are winning many allies. The old banners of the Taiping rebellion have been broken out, and this leads to the suggestion that the present uprising is a revival of the Taiping rebellion of 1850. It is asserted that Sun Yat Sen, the alleged leader of the Canton conspiracy in 1895, is one of the chief rebels. Sun Yat Sen is a member of the Chinese Progressive Society — the Hing-Chung-Wooy — a society said to have many members in the United States, with headquarters at New York. This society is said to have for its object the overthrow of the present dynasty and the substitution of constitutional government. While many rumors are afloat and many suggestions are made with very little reason, it is still true that the rebellion in the West River District has shown amazing vitality, and that unless speedily suppressed it is likely to involve grave complications.

An Endless Chain, Indeed

Some weeks since, Miss Nathalie Schenck, of Babylon, L. I., wrote letters to four of her friends, asking each to enclose ten cents to her to buy ice for the Red Cross Society, to write a similar letter to four of their friends, and request each one of them to do the same. Miss Schenck was either skeptical of the willingness of her friends to comply with her requests, or else she is no mathematician, for she limited the series to twenty. There will never be inhabitants enough on the globe to make the granting of her request a possibility. Long after the last Hottentot in Africa and the last Esquimaux in the Arctic had sent his dime, the unfortunate billions of the 16th series would be waiting for other billions yet unborn. The immediate result was four letters, and shortly after this the deluge began. The number increased until the postmaster at Babylon was forced to expend most of his salary in hiring extra help to handle Miss Schenck's mail, while Miss Schenck and her friends were working from morning till night opening letters. They are now coming at the rate of several thousand a day. They do not all contain money. Some contain advice, some threats, and some pious platitudes, but from the reports given out the letters will average ten cents each. About \$3,500 has been forwarded to the treasurer, and as much more is in sight. Miss Schenck is now imploring the newspapers to use every effort to break the chain, but thus far the chain has resisted all efforts to break it, and it bids fair to continue as long as the war. The "endless chain" is a public nuisance. It ought to be prohibited by law. Not even the glittering success of this young

lady can redeem it from the odium that justly rests upon it. People will look at the large amount of money received by her, and be tempted to say that her efforts merit praise instead of blame; but as the money is collected at an expense of more than forty per cent. for postage and labor, it would be far wiser for the charitably disposed to pay their money to charities whose collections are made without such a loss.

More about Cuba

Some few facts in regard to the condition of Cuba are interesting just at this time. It is hard to realize that fully one-half the surface of the island is still covered with dense forests of valuable woods — mahogany, cedar, logwood, redwood, ebony and lignum vitæ. If managed with American enterprise and spirit, these forests would yield immense wealth. Before the war the great sugar plantations in the central and western portions were very profitable. Tobacco is raised everywhere, but the finest plantations are along the southern slopes of the mountains in Pinar del Rio. The eastern part raises good crops of coffee. The fruits common to the tropics flourish in abundance, and there is always a market for them. The gold and silver mines have never been half developed, and the same is true of the stores of iron, the finest in America. They have simply been taxed beyond the point where it was possible to work them. Copper abounds, but like the other mineral wealth is taxed to death. The taxes have been farmed out to unscrupulous Spanish officials who have ruined people and country. In 1879 Spain collected a revenue of \$35,000,000 — about \$25 per capita — and used all but \$98,000 for salaries and in payment of the war debt. No part of this revenue was devoted to the education, enlightenment or health of the inhabitants. For centuries they have been kept in ignorance, that corrupt Spanish officials might plunder them the more easily. No wonder Spain has found this a turbulent people. Let us hope that a better day has already dawned for them.

A Royal Pilgrimage

Extensive and elaborate preparations are being made for the journey of the German Emperor to Jerusalem in October. He will be accompanied by all the princes of the realm and by many distinguished members of the court. A visit of state will be made to the Sultan, and a formal call made upon the Khedive. In Jerusalem the Emperor will be received with a pomp and ceremony that has not been known since the days of the Crusades. There are those who say that William II. has an idea that this is a fit-

ting time to impress Palestine especially, and Asia Minor in general, with the greatness of the German power, so that this may count in the final partition of Turkey. He knows enough not to undertake too much, and the Greek Church certainly would not tolerate the transfer of the Holy Places of Jerusalem either to Protestant or Roman Catholic. The holy relics in Jerusalem are under the official guardianship of France by the treaty of Paris in 1856; and with the present amicable relations existing between France and Russia, any attempt to transfer this guardianship to Germany would be impolitic. Aside from his love of display the Emperor has an interest in Jerusalem common to all Christians, and there is no sufficient reason for crediting him with ulterior and unworthy motives.

Spain Under Martial Law

The royal decree issued at Madrid last Friday temporarily suspends the rights of individuals as guaranteed by the constitution throughout the Spanish peninsula. That means that martial law is proclaimed, that the kingdom is in a state of siege, and that the military authorities exercise supreme control. It will not be necessary to resort to the courts in case of any disturbance; the army will act at once. Public assemblies, without the necessary permission from the military authorities, are unlawful. This will make it extremely difficult for Don Carlos to rally his supporters; it will contribute to the peaceful government of the cities and larger towns, and it will make it much easier to treat for peace when the time comes.

The Fourth Manila Expedition

Major General Otis, in command of the fourth Manila expedition, sailed from San Francisco on Friday in the City of Puebla. The Peru sailed at the same time, and the other transports will sail as soon as they are ready. Gen. Otis takes with him 1,763 men and the usual proportion of officers in addition. A stop will be made at Honolulu for coal, and Gen. Otis will take part in the annexation ceremonies.

The first expedition, under Gen. Anderson, arrived at Manila on the 30th of June. It consisted of 2,500 officers and men. The second, under Gen. Greene, which ought to reach Manila about this time, carried 3,586. The third, under Gen. McArthur, took 4,847 troops, a few non-military persons, and is due at Manila about the end of the month. Gen. Merritt accompanied this third expedition, sailing in the Newport. According to reports brought from Honolulu by the steamer Gaelic, all but one of the transports of this expedition returned to Honolulu, three hours after sailing, on account of an accident to the boilers of the transport Indiana. Gen. Merritt, having sailed earlier in the day, was not within signal distance when the other transports put about, and went on without them. The Gaelic reported that the repairs would be made in a few hours, and that the transports would then put to sea together.

It is hoped that by the first of August there will be about 11,000 troops at Manila, and with Admiral Dewey's squad-

ron reinforced by the Charleston, the Monterey, and the Monadnock, no European power will care to risk an engagement by interfering with our management of affairs in the Philippines.

The Bond Issue

The total amount of the applications for the \$200,000,000 of new three per cent. bonds is \$1,365,000,000. As the law contemplated making this a popular loan, it was announced that subscribers applying for \$500 or less would be given the preference. The subscriptions of this class aggregate about \$90,000,000, so that all persons subscribing in this class will get the bonds. Another division was made at the \$5,000 limit. From present information, all persons subscribing for less than that amount will be given the bonds. There will then be enough left to supply a part, but not all, of the \$5,000 subscribers. Not one of the bonds will go to any bank, trust, corporation, or any form of organized capital. The bonds are already quoted at a premium of two and one-half per cent., and doubtless many of them will change hands soon after they are received. The first issue will be made on the 26th of this month, and daily shipments will be made thereafter as fast as the bonds can be supplied from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Official notice as to the terms of payment of what remains due on all subscriptions above \$500 will soon be sent out. All applications for smaller amounts were paid in advance.

The Canadian Commission

Late in May Canada sent to Washington representatives seeking some means of settlement of certain troublesome questions between the United States and the Dominion. A convention was signed on the 30th of May providing for a joint commission to adjust the differences. The Queen almost immediately after appointed Baron Herschell, the Lord High Chancellor; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada; Sir Richard Cartwright, Canadian Minister of Commerce; Sir Louis Henry Davies, Privy Councillor and Minister of Marine and Fisheries; and Mr. John Charlton, Canadian member of Parliament. Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the expense of the commission. The President has now appointed as members Charles W. Fairbanks, Senator from Indiana; George Gray, Senator from Delaware; Nelson Dingley, Representative from Maine; General John W. Foster, Special Commissioner; and Hon. John A. Kasson, Reciprocity Commissioner. The sessions will be held at Ottawa, and will begin August 1 of this year.

Returns from the Klondike

The interest in the war has overshadowed everything else, very much to the surprise of the Klondikers. These vigorous gold-hunters have been thinking that we were all impatiently waiting to hear what they were doing. They come out now to learn that we had almost forgotten that there is a Klondike. The first gold from that region reached San Francisco on the 10th on board the Hattie L. Phillips. The miners were very

reticent as to the amount. The steamer City of Seattle, from Skagway, reached Seattle last Saturday bringing \$180,000 in gold and drafts for more than \$400,000. The miners returning came from the upper Yukon and made the trip from Dawson to Seattle in eleven days. They report that gold is flowing into Dawson from all directions, and that the output for the season will be \$30,000,000. At French Gulch, between fifteen and eighteen miles from Dawson, and 1,200 feet above the Yukon, miners have made a very rich strike, unequaled even in that land of gold. Reports indicate that the mines in general have cleaned up as well as was expected, with the exception of some of those on the principal creeks. There was plenty of work at \$1.50 an hour, but most of the adventurers preferred to prospect for themselves. The unusually high water has been followed by very low water, which makes the navigation exceedingly difficult. Four other steamers have also arrived at Seattle this week, each one of them bringing more than a million dollars in gold.

An Important Proclamation

President McKinley is alive to the demands of the hour on him and on the nation. We have new proof of this in the promptness with which he issued, on Monday, a Proclamation providing for the government of Santiago, both the city and the province, and of all our future possessions on the island of Cuba. He is the first President to have the opportunity to issue such a Proclamation, and he has issued a state paper which will remain an authority for all coming time. The political powers established by military occupation are clearly stated: precise directions are given to the military authorities; and the inhabitants are assured that the United States is not making war upon them, their political parties, their homes, or their religion. They are also assured that they will be protected in all their rights, their property respected and their efforts to co-operate with the United States rewarded. The revenues arising from taxation are to be applied to the expenses of the government. All ports in Cuba which come into our possession will be open to the commerce of all neutral powers, except for articles contraband of war. The Proclamation is a model as to form and method. It will do more to open the eyes of the inhabitants of Cuba to the advantages of good government than a hundred years of agitation.

The Mistake of Moses Pendergrass

Ten years ago Moses Pendergrass thought he put in a bid to carry the mail at the rate of \$400 per annum; unfortunately he pointed the figures after this manner, \$4.00. The Department held him to the letter of the bond, and he was obliged to continue his service till the end of the year. A claim was promptly put in for the difference, but four Congresses came and went without doing justice to Moses. At this late date, after the most persistent effort on his part, Congress has appropriated \$379.56 for his relief. As there never was any question but that he intended

to write \$400, instead of \$4.00, it would seem as if there ought to be some way to remedy such an injustice as this without such a long delay. It is because of these things that lobbies flourish and scandals breed under the great dome of the Capitol.

The Manufacture of Gold

The plant erected by Mr. E. C. Brice, in Chicago, for the manufacture of gold is idle. Shares which sold as high as \$250 last December are now going begging at less than a tithe of their par value of \$10. Commercially the plant is a failure, although Mr. Lamoreaux, the temporary manager, declares that the theory is all right. For six months Brice worked night and day, claiming to be on the verge of success, till the money was all spent and his own strength had utterly failed him. Mr. Lamoreaux asserts that the books show exactly where every dollar was expended, but Mr. Brice is heart-broken that the dream of his life is not realized. Many poor people deprived themselves of the necessities of life in order to buy stock, and they share with Mr. Brice his disappointment.

The Telephone as a Distributor of News

It is a surprise to learn that in Buda Pesth there is a regular circuit of subscribers who receive their news by telephone in their own houses. There are certain hours for local news, domestic and foreign news, art and science, and all the features of a modern newspaper. It was predicted some time ago that we should soon get our news over the telephone without waiting for editors, printers, pressmen and newsboys, but even in these times of excitement this prediction shows no systematic effort in fulfillment. The new "page-printers" would seem to meet the objection raised against the disadvantages of hearing, rather than reading, the news of the day, and several inventors are said to be at work trying to devise some practical plan of supplementing, if not supplanting, the daily newspaper. There does not seem to be anything in the way of putting these machines into the offices and the homes of those who would not mind the expense, except the natural fondness which most men and women have to get a newspaper into their own hands and read as much or as little as they please and when they please.

Horseshoes of Paper

London is soon to follow Berlin in a trial of paper horseshoes. The cab horses will be shod in sufficiently large numbers to insure a fair trial. It is claimed that good success has attended the use of paper instead of iron in all the German cities that have tried it. The invention was made in Germany, although various suggestions and models have been made elsewhere. The new shoe is made of compressed paper, and can be sold for about one-fourth the price of an iron shoe. It is put on with a specially prepared glue, and no nails are used. This makes it very light, and prevents injury to the foot from badly driven nails. It is claimed that they may be put on in a minute or two by almost anybody after a little practice,

but there is no mention of the possibility of their becoming very slippery on asphalt pavements, nor indeed of any other objection that readily occurs to people familiar with horses. The experiment will be watched with interest, but it is not likely to do away with horse-shoers for many a day.

The War News of a Week

At 3 o'clock, on the afternoon of July 14, Gen. Toral surrendered the city of Santiago, and all the eastern part of Cuba from Aserradores on the south to Sagua on the north, to Gen. Shafter. On Sunday, at noon, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the government buildings in Santiago, and Gen. Toral's troops began to stack their arms. Altogether there are 24,000 soldiers under the command of Gen. Toral, and these will be transported to Spain as soon as contracts can be made for the necessary steamers. The patience of the Americans is thus amply rewarded. According to Gen. Shafter it would have cost the sacrifice of 5,000 lives to take the city by storm, while the bombardment of a city containing 50,000 inhabitants is frightful to contemplate.

We are now in possession of nearly one-third of the important province of Santiago. The cities of Santiago, Guantanamo, Baracoa, Sagua de Tamano, and several others of lesser importance, are within this newly acquired territory. The fortifications of El Morro, Socapa, and all the others on the south side are ours, presumably with all their guns and ammunition. Already 7,000 rifles and 600,000 rounds of ammunition have been turned over to us.

The two magnificent deep-water harbors of Santiago and Guantanamo on the south side, and two smaller harbors on the north side, come into our possession most opportunely. The harbor of Santiago commands the whole southern coast of Cuba. The hurricane season is coming on, and these harbors are invaluable to us. Nothing, except the conquest of Havana itself, could be more desirable just at this time than the harbors which we have taken.

The report that yellow fever had broken out among our troops was the occasion of much anxiety, but prompt measures were at once adopted, and now that fighting is at an end for the present we shall be able, it is believed, to stamp out the fever. There is no fever in Santiago, but the troops will be moved to the highlands and all the fever patients completely isolated. Immediate attention will be given to the sanitary conditions of the whole coast, and with energetic measures there is no apparent reason why the place should not be healthy. There is great destitution and thousands will have to be fed by the army of occupation. For this reason it will be a great relief to see the last Spanish soldier embarked for Spain. As long as any remain they must be fed by the Government as prisoners of war.

The refugees from El Caney are making their way back to the city to find their houses plundered; and many of them are on the verge of starvation. It was these refugees that carried the fever to our soldiers. Exposed as they were, without food or shelter, these unfort-

unately developed fever very quickly, but, being acclimated, they are not likely to have it severely. Indeed, the mild type of the fever which has broken out is distinctly noticeable.

Gen. Luque is at Holguin with 10,000 troops, and he is the nearest adversary. It is unlikely that an attack will be made on him, or that we need to apprehend trouble from him.

Our fleet still remains off Santiago, the New York being anchored well in shore near Aguadores, but the contact mines have been removed and the harbor will be open for shelter shortly. The last transports arriving at Baiquiri did not land their troops, and now that the city has surrendered they will be sent to Porto Rico.

As soon as Santiago surrendered, preparations for the seizure of Porto Rico were renewed. Within twenty-four hours from the time the Stars and Stripes were raised at Santiago more than 7,000 men were on the way to Porto Rico. Gen. Coppinger at once embarked about 6,200 men on board the transports at Tampa. The ammunition, stores and some of the artillery were already on board. The Yale had four batteries on board at Santiago which were not disembarked, and it is reported that General Miles sailed with these for Porto Rico. It is said that at least 30,000 men will be sent, and that this number will be doubled if necessary.

The Eastern Squadron, under the command of Commodore Watson, will be of sufficient size to inspire the Spanish people with an awe equal to the fears inspired by the reports that have already reached them. The Oregon will be the flagship, the Massachusetts and one or two other battleships will go, and several of the large cruisers. Two or three of the converted cruisers and at least six colliers will form a part of the expedition. It will be a squadron that will command respect and its presence will have an immense effect. It is hoped that it will be off by the end of the week.

Last Wednesday advices were received from Admiral Dewey that the Germans were interfering with the insurgents in their conquest of Subig Bay, and he at once sent the Raleigh and the Concord to their aid. The German ship withdrew on their arrival, and the Americans took possession of the island in the bay, which was all that remained in possession of the Spanish. Germany's course in the Philippines is certainly open to criticism, and it is reported that one of our ships found it necessary to fire a shot across the bow of a German man-of-war which persisted in going where she had no business. Admiral Dewey is still awaiting the arrival of Gen. Merritt, who, as military governor of the islands, will have charge of future movements. The insurgents show no signs of wavering or of weakening. They do show unmistakable signs of intractability, and in spite of the wise counsels of Admiral Dewey they are complicating matters on the islands. The insurgent chiefs do not agree, and that simplifies matters in one way, for if they were all agreed they would be able to assume control of the principal islands before the arrival of the American troops.

IS THE EVANGELICAL FAITH DECLINING?

IT has long been agreed that the widespread religious awakening, now generally designated the "Great Revival," was by far the most important and most striking feature of the eighteenth century, and current literature affords many symptoms that the time has arrived for attempting a dispassionate and discriminating estimate of its value and results. Starting with the Moravian missionaries in London, it became "the power of God unto salvation" for thousands, first under the field-preaching of Whitefield and the Wesleys — the latter of whom always attributed to it their own experimental interest in religion — and then under the system of itinerating evangelism which is the most splendid monument remaining of John Wesley's organizing genius. For more than a century the exposition and defence of the movement were left almost exclusively to Methodist writers who yielded too much to the temptation of making their story the epic of a sect rather than that of a great providential movement having deep and far-ramifying roots in the past and equally far-extending relations to the future, with important lateral bearings on contemporary life and thought outside its own distinctive current. The past fifty years have witnessed a marked change in this respect. As time advances great events and the men who make them are seen in truer perspective and grander proportions.

The story of the evangelical movement is no longer confined to the pages of evangelical writers. It is beginning to share the attention of students and admirers from a wider field and to find a larger place in general literature. Since George Eliot idealized the character of the Methodist Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede," writers like John Richard Green, W. H. Lecky, Augustine Birrell, and Canon Overton have striven to do it justice from the standpoint respectively of the historian, the philosopher, the essayist, and the churchman, insisting with varying degrees of emphasis that Methodism was the least result of the great moral and spiritual upheaval to which as a separate ecclesiastical organization it owed its existence; that England was saved by it from the revolution, anarchy and bloodshed which marked the closing years of the century in France; and that the English State Church, whose clergy and bishops persecuted its leaders, was regenerated by its resistless tides of spiritual thought and feeling and started for a time on a new career of usefulness and power.

Among the most startling of Renan's paradoxes was his celebrated dictum that no one was competent to write the history of a religion except the man who had ceased to believe in it. As the present century approaches its close it appears to be more and more assumed that evangelicalism has spent itself, and that we are now far enough removed from the moment of its culmination to calmly and judicially study its spirit and character, gage its dimensions, and approximately determine its value as a force having to do with the making of modern Eng-

land and her colonies; and still more with the molding and control of this great republic of the West where Methodism and the grand sisterhood of evangelical churches, more or less influenced by it, have struck deeper roots and found a more congenial soil than elsewhere. The tone of criticism varies according to the intellectual bias or religious sympathies of the writers, being now admonitory and hortative, now supercilious, patronizing or pathetic, and now severe and cynical like the sneer of Mephistopheles in Faust. It is only fair to say that, on the whole, the strain of stricture is just, laying a not unnecessary stress on some wholesome though unpleasant and unwelcome truths. Admitting, as is done, for example, by a writer in the May number of the *Contemporary Review*, the enormous productivity of the evangelical pulpit with its reasonably computed ten millions of sermons annually — an amount of preaching at once "prodigious and overwhelming;" admitting that "this ceaseless flow of preaching has been supported by a hardly less ceaseless flow of benevolence;" conceding furthermore the immense advantage of enlisting in the service of its propagation persons of all grades and classes, of every kind of profession, with every degree of ability and and academical equipment or none at all — "lawyers, peers, tradesmen, ladies of rank, laboring men, prize-fighters, respectable representatives of the middle classes, gipsies, all with hardly an exception persons of great singleness of purpose and remarkable devotion" — admitting this, it is still seriously and pertinently asked concerning a movement "which awoke English religion out of its torpor, wrought a complete change in the preaching and character of the Established clergy, extended to every part of the British Empire and over the United States, produced generation after generation of pulpit orators of remarkable ability, causing enormous sums to be spent in edifices suitable for their ministrations, gave birth to and maintained vast efforts, religious and philanthropic, affecting all classes of the community — a movement whose triumph has been so complete both in the British Empire and in the United States that it has developed a form of religion which may with truth be called the English religion of the nineteenth century, permeating the English-speaking world with its ideas, doctrines, customs and character" — concerning this movement it is still asked: "Can it really be said that now, before the century is out, it is waning and becoming a thing that was?"

The official apologist or self-appointed representative of evangelicalism in its present-day phase is apt to regard questions of this kind as impertinent and irritating. On earnest and thoughtful minds they have the contrary effect of exciting neither anger nor alarm, but reflection. Considered in the light of facts of a certain class adroitly marshaled and emphasized for the purpose of producing a much-desired impression, the query seems susceptible only of a decisive answer in the affirmative. A sample or two of these items will suffice to

indicate the nature of the process. In the "tight little island" — home for more than a thousand years of the Anglo-Saxon race, full of churches ancient, ivy-crowned, richly endowed, venerable by the long lapse of time — an ecclesiastical "sparrow alone upon the housetop" says to a bystanding sympathizer, "You see eight miles round, and in the circumference of twenty-four miles I am the only evangelical clergyman." "The nearest evangelical brother I know of," mournfully remarks another, "is thirty miles off." "I am fighting the Lord's battle alone here," is the sad yet semi-defiant strain of another Abdiel. And it is declared that "these facts might be multiplied a hundredfold in the provinces of Canterbury and York." It is pointed out that "from 1888 to 1896 the progress of Wesleyan Methodism did not reach 5 per cent., while that of the population at large must have been about 7½ per cent.;" that its "increase in 1886 was 34,772; in 1893, 15,355; in 1897, only 3,520." Paragraphs of statistics are given to show that church attendance dwindles as well as membership, and the fact is cited as conclusive that according to the *New York Independent* "there were in the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies in the United States, in 1896, 3,000 churches which did not report a single member added during the previous year by profession of faith."

Full front to facts and items of this nature, it would seem that the only thing possible was to let judgment go by default. This the champions of the evangelical creed and churches are altogether unwilling to do as long as anything can be honestly said in rebuttal. And that the arsenal of evangelicalism is by no means exhausted as to its resources of defensive and offensive warfare, is very clear to him who carefully reads the paper of Dr. Guinness Rogers in the June number of the *Contemporary Review*. Rightly insisting that "societies of Christian men exist for the distinct and special purpose of winning the world to the obedience of faith," he emphasizes the "danger lest in the pursuit of other and inferior objects this one grand purpose of the church fellowship should be, if not forgotten, yet relegated to an inferior position." . . . "The renewal of the heart and mind is the first work of the church, and the men whose duty it is to preach the Gospel must regard everything else as subsidiary to that main purpose." . . . "There is no ground for taking any gloomy view as to the position and prospects of evangelical truth. The power of that truth is independent of any system and of any party. The Gospel is the message of the divine love to the world, and its power lies in its adaptation to satisfy the deepest needs of the human heart." . . . "Happily for this age," concludes the venerable man who for more than fifty years has devoted the most splendid gifts of heart, intellect and speech to the cause of freedom, humanity and the evangelical faith, "we are returning more and more to the simplicity that is towards Christ, and so we are coming to understand better the profound significance of that New Testament declaration: 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.'"

"A Wise Master Builder"

NEW ENGLAND Methodism has been blessed with only one Dr. Twombly. He was remarkable in his prophetic outlook for the denomination, but more especially in fertility of plans and a consecrated ingenuity which gave to the church the institution or organization which the time and the conditions demanded. It is because of the uniqueness and permanence of his work in these lines that we have planned to do special honor to his memory in this issue.

Several of his co-workers, at our request, present some phases of his activities and achievements. Dr. Twombly's work will endure. He planted not only for an immediate present, but for the future. He passed out of our sight, but the roll of the years since he left us has made his life-work seem more remarkable and enduring.

We do not seek to present a biography, nor anything like a comprehensive view of his life; only to give glimpses of certain chapters in it.

Another "Ian Maclaren"

WE are personally and deeply bereaved in the death of Rev. David Sutherland, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., which occurred at his home, July 8, after an illness of several weeks with pleurisy. He was born in Scotland in 1859, was thoroughly educated in the best schools and colleges, and was called to the Zion Presbyterian Church in Charlottetown in 1889. Of the Ian Maclaren type, Christ-filled in aspiration and purpose, an admirable preacher and a ministering servant to his people, he exerted a remarkable influence not only in his church and city, but throughout the entire island. But great as was his influence as a minister and in his personal relation to his people, it was with his pen, so deft, comprehensive and sympathetic with all life, that he wielded a potent influence upon a larger congregation, especially through the religious press. During the present editorial management of this paper he has been a constant contributor and one of our most highly appreciated helpers. He has frequently written for these columns under his own name, but more often editorially. He was a prolific and untiring writer, and has appeared in all the leading religious journals of the United States. Some three years ago he came to Boston and made his first visit to this office. Our good impressions of him were delightfully augmented by the pleasant hours in which we chatted together. He was a man of gracious presence as well as of marked ability.

About six weeks ago he wrote that he was to visit his Scottish home this summer, and at once we arranged with him to write a series of letters as editorial correspondent during his absence, to which proposition he most gladly assented. Some two weeks ago Mrs. Sutherland wrote of his illness, but so hopefully as not to occasion any apprehension concerning the probability of his recovery. No further advices were received until the announcement of his death and funeral in the public press of Charlottetown.

A wife and four children and his aged parents survive to mourn an irreparable loss. From the tribute of the *Guardian* of Charlottetown, we take the following discriminative paragraphs:—

"He gave his life to the cause and the Master whom he served, and like a faithful sentinel he died at his post. By his congregation he was greatly beloved, and many of them could not restrain their tears on learning that he was no more. By his brethren in the ministry of whatever denomination he was held in the highest fraternal regard, and he had the respect and esteem of the entire citizenship of Charlottetown, as well as of hundreds outside whose good fortune it was to know this sterling man.

"Mr. Sutherland was a man of more than ordinary gifts. He was learned, well-read and had fine literary taste, and yet his dis-

courses were brought within the understanding of all. His lectures and platform addresses showed that he possessed the gift of eloquence, but the cast of his mind was toward simple earnest work for the good of his fellow-men. He never sought to dazzle his hearers with brilliant discourse, or to win applause for himself. Nothing was farther from his liking than any ostentatious display. He stood behind rather than in front of his sermon. His discourses were excellent in their method and diction, and delivered with such genuine earnestness as never failed to impress, and to search the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

"He was the friend and helper of every good cause. He won the sympathy of the poor by the Christian sympathy he felt for them. Perhaps no man could have been removed from Charlottetown of whom so many would truly say that they had lost their best friend."

PERSONALS

— Bishop Cranston and family arrived in Yokohama on July 4.

— Rev. Geo. H. Clarke, of Winthrop, is in London attending the World's Sunday-school Convention.

— Prof. and Mrs. Wm. North Rice have been spending some days in the Adirondacks with the Appalachian Club.

— Rev. Henry Baker, D. D., of Grace Church, Wilmington, Del., is summering at his cottage upon Lake George.

— Rev. C. F. Rice, D. D., of Springfield, is at North Conway, N. H., to escape, if possible, the annual recurrence of hay fever.

— Harvard University conferred the degree of Ph. D. upon Rev. Ismar J. Peritz, professor of Semitic Languages and Biblical Archaeology in Syracuse University.

— President Andrews of Brown University has been elected superintendent of schools for the city of Chicago, and it is expected that he will accept the position.

— Rev. A. J. Coultas, of Providence, R. I., will preach on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 7, before the Methodist Deaconess Assembly at Acton Camp-ground (Indianapolis, Ind.).

— The late Dr. Merritt Hulburd is buried at Glens Falls, N. Y. Mrs. Hulburd lives at Wilmington, Del., where her husband died. A son is practicing law successfully in Philadelphia.

— Rev. W. C. Stinson, of Chillicothe, Ohio, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, devotes a vacation of two months to assisting the work of the Red Cross in the interest of sick and wounded soldiers.

— Dr. Olin A. Curtis, of Drew Theological Seminary, who enlisted for the summer months as chaplain in the auxiliary navy and was appointed to the "Badger," has been transferred to the "St. Paul," and is now in Cuban waters.

— The *Christian Advocate* states that "Dr. C. W. Parsons, who was obliged to relinquish the pastorate of Chestnut Street Church, Portland, Me., because of continued ill health, has recovered his health. He is now living at Fairfield, N. Y. His friends throughout the country will rejoice in his restoration."

— Embree E. Hoss, Jr., eldest son of Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Nashville, Tenn., is color sergeant of the Fourth Tennessee Volunteers. He is nineteen years old, and was ready for the sophomore class when he enlisted. The *Central* says: "He is not to blame for going to war—he has the fever in his blood. His kinsmen in every war since 1775 in this country have furnished fighting men for war times."

— Dr. G. M. Steele is passing the month of July very happily at Clifton Springs, N. Y. In a letter recently received he writes: "For a few weeks I have had a much improved state of health." While we rejoice in this

reassuring intelligence from Dr. Steele, we are, with many others, quite unreconciled to the fact that he should come so near to Boston and not plan to continue all the way. No man could go out from us whose genial presence has been more greatly missed.

— Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., and family are at Pine Island, N. H. His post-office address is Bear Island, N. H.

— The third edition of Professor Sheldon's "History of Christian Doctrine" has recently been issued by Harper & Brothers—a deserved recognition and appreciation of a great work.

— Bates College, at its recent Commencement, conferred the degree of A. M. upon Mr. Henry E. Crocker, of New York city. Mr. Crocker will be remembered by many of our readers as formerly superintendent of the Dedham public schools and prominent in the work of our Dedham church.

— John R. Marshall, the Negro colonel of the 8th Illinois Regiment, was born a slave at Alexandria, Va., in 1859. He was graduated with honors from a military school in his home town, and afterward received the benefit of a course at Hampton. In civil life he has served with acceptance in the county clerk's office in Chicago.

— Is anything more delightful than to meet the retired Methodist minister who grows old gracefully and sweetly, all the while radiating a pervasive optimism? So we thought as we closed an hour's conversation with Rev. Dr. Bostwick Hawley, of Saratoga Springs. If he had not informed us that he had passed the eightieth milestone, we should not have dreamed it possible. He reminded us of our beloved predecessor, the ever genial and entertaining Dr. B. K. Peirce. It is like a breath of spring to hear him tell of his ideals for the church and the type of men who should lead it to a larger victory. Blessed is the lot of the stationed minister who has in his parish such superannuates as Dr. Hawley!

BRIEFLETS

Two of the colored professors of Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., have organized a company of fifty men and have offered their services to the Government to go to the front whenever and wherever needed.

An attractive and valuable souvenir of the first Quarter Centennial of Boston University is a microscopic volume of the Year-book produced from a large octavo by the latest phototypographic process. It is a convenient little book to slip into the pocket or to keep on the desk for reference.

Rev. Joshua M. Frost, of Bangor, Me., writes: "Thanks for giving room to the appeal on behalf of Miss Flora S. Heath a few months ago. I have received \$55, and have paid out \$32, so have not enough left for three months. The money has come in well considering all things, but perhaps this word of report will remind her many friends of what they had intended to do."

A recent letter from the celebrated missionary, Rev. John G. Paton, to his cousin, Mr. John Gilchrist, of Winter St., this city, gives encouraging reports of the work in the South Sea Islands. He writes: "Since I last wrote you we have had great success in mission work on the islands. In twelve months we had 1,102 converts from cannibalism to the worship and service of our God and Saviour. One missionary at his three quarterly communions baptized and admitted to the Lord's Table two hundred adults." He has just completed the translation of the New Testament into another of

the various languages, and it is now in the hands of the printer.

An explanation from Dr. Brady will be found on page 924.

We expect to become accustomed to the *Independent* in its new form, but the change from the old is very radical. It is now of the magazine size, like the *Outlook*. In this matter the *Independent* is an imitator rather than an innovator. We remember well that when the *Outlook* reduced its size the *Independent* in its notice of the fact said that for itself it preferred to retain the old form. The editors have indicated in later statements that they made the change with much reluctance. We wish that this leading religious journal, for the benefit of its contemporaries, would give a frank inside statement of the reasons which finally led to the transition. To what extent, if at all, did the counting-room exert an influence? How far did the exacting demand of the modern advertiser go? It seems to us that both the *Outlook* and the *Independent* have abandoned the normal and most suitable form for the religious newspaper. If we understand the problem, a very grave question is involved in the effort of the religious press to become a successful competitor of the magazines in the line of advertising. As this change, in its wider scope, is to seriously affect all religious papers, we shall note with deep interest the result of the experiment which the *Independent* is making.

Senator Hoar, in a recent letter to Prof. Norton of Harvard University, rebuking him for his hostile attitude towards the war with Spain, writes: "I am afraid that the habit of bitter and sneering speech, about persons and public affairs, has so grown upon you that you do not yourself know, always, what you say." Senator Hoar thus justly characterizes an expression of higher culture too frequently observed. Prof. Norton is by no means alone in the fraternity of scholars in the use of "bitter and sneering speech." Often is it used in the most reckless way against orthodox Christianity and its disciples. It is the scholar's besetting infirmity, which he needs to seek most strenuously to overcome.

The Epworth League at Saratoga

THAT was a very attractive program which had been arranged for the seventh annual convention of the Second General Conference District Epworth League at Saratoga Springs, July 14-17. The editor was present on Friday afternoon to listen to four very able and scholarly addresses in the following order: "The Relation of Vision to Life," Rev. D. G. Downey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Leaguer and the Lord's Day," Rev. T. P. Frost, D. D., Newark, N. J.; "Leadership," Rev. Henry Baker, D. D., Wilmington, Del.; "The Epworth Leaguer's Patriotism," Rev. Levi Gilbert, D. D., New Haven, Conn. Dr. Gilbert, though the last speaker, had a manifest advantage in topic. Glowing with a patriotism that was thoughtful and every way reasonable and expressed in forceful rhetorical phrase, he received from the audience frequent and most hearty applause.

Dr. Buckley spoke on Friday evening upon "How to Assure the Permanent Success of the Epworth League." Not having heard his address, we are dependent upon the daily press, which highly commends him, for what he said. The *Daily Saratogian* of July 16 makes him say: "How to make the League a permanent success is the question. It might be asked, Is it not already a success? Dr. Buckley dwelt on a number of enterprises which were great successes ephemerally, but amounted to nothing ultimately. Therefore, the Epworth League may go into innocuous or noxious desuetude. The relation

of the League to the church is also important. It is secondary, and the church is primary. The fact that in some cases the entire Epworth League or the greater part of the League leave the church before the sermon, was deplored. The League should also be carried on with a view to getting the young men to attend it. Don't identify the League with any political party. Beware of the honeyed words of praise. The influence of the League should not be perverted."

Rev. Dr. J. H. Coleman, who is very popular in Saratoga, and who was taken from the First Church at the end of the first year and made presiding elder of Albany District, upon being presented to the convention as the only member of the General Epworth League Cabinet, is reported to have said that "If he had any greetings it was the hope that there would be true life back of all form and organization."

Bishop Andrews preached Sunday morning, and Rev. Wallace MacMullen, of Philadelphia, in the evening. Rev. M. D. Jump, D. D., is having a notably successful pastorate with the First Church, Saratoga.

The Southern Methodist Book Concern Claim

NO real friend of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and certainly no member of our body who feels as he ought — that if our sister church suffers in any way, he suffers also — but must have been shocked and grieved at the revelations concerning the appropriation made by Congress in payment for damage to property during the civil war. Stripped of all sophistry and pretense, it is clear, as the Senate committee has reported, that the Senate was deceived in the action which it took by the deliberate statement of the book agents, Messrs. Barbee & Smith. There is, therefore, a taint upon this money which can never be removed. To keep it, under the circumstances, will do violence not only to the conscience and fair name of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but to Methodism at large and to all Christendom. Indeed, those holding merely the moral standards of business life are amazed at such practices. President McKinley is reported to have said that he was duped in the matter, and the only thing for the church to do was to restore the money. Dr. Hoss, the editor of the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, closes a long editorial with the frank and manly note that we should expect from him: "It is our sincere hope that the authorities at Washington will receive the money when it is tendered to them and that no movement will ever again be made in any way, shape or manner to recover it by the church. We have lived without it for thirty years, and can live without it to the end. Our poverty has never hurt us." The Board of Bishops have announced that if the Senate "by affirmative action" should declare that the bill was passed owing to misleading statements by the book agents of the church, Messrs. Barbee & Smith, they, the Bishops, would take proper steps to have the entire amount returned to the Government. We do not see how the Bishops can desire the Senate to express itself any more explicitly and emphatically than it has done through the report of the Senate committee of investigation.

Our readers will recall that of the total amount voted by Congress — \$288,000 — the lobbyist, Major Stahlman, according to specific contract, received \$108,000, and that when the bill was pending Barbee & Smith, in answer to a telegram of inquiry from the Senate, gave the unquestionable impression in their reply that no definite sum was to be paid to any lobbyist. Every one now knows that if the facts, as they have since appeared, had been known to the Senate at the time, the appropriation never would have been made.

The World's Sunday School Work

THE World's Third Convention of Sunday-school Workers has just closed its important session at London. In no way are the two great English-speaking nations more one in thought and purpose than in the world-encircling Christian enterprises which inform the mind, influence the heart, and mold the life. And not only for themselves do the Christian workers of the two great nations propagate and cultivate the seeds of Christian culture. Their united object is to go into all the world with their wonderful, revivifying message.

The growth of the Sunday-school idea, its steady advancement and progress, its unqualified success wherever its principles have taken root, give good ground to expect its continued spread the world around. In the United States its increase has been greater during recent years than the growth in population; 132,639 schools — almost two for every post-office in the country — number eleven and a half million pupils. Canada has one and a half million, Great Britain more than six millions, in Sunday-schools. These imposing figures, the multiples of the little Sunday-school started by Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, Eng., a little over a century ago, are suggestive of the wonderful opportunity afforded in the modern great Sunday-school system for implanting the seeds of Christian instruction. The greatest hope for the future of the Sunday-school movement is that it is a "movement," adapting itself throughout the years to the needs of the modern environment, and keeping pace with the progress of the times.

Some twenty-five years ago Bishop Vincent and others gave Sunday-school work a great impetus by the introduction of the International Lesson system, which provides a uniform lesson for all. From this grew the Blakeslee and Harper plans of Bible study, calling into existence the corporation known as the Bible Study Union.

With the changes of secular education are coming, also, changed conceptions of the process of Christian culture. One of the most suggestive and promising ideas for Sunday-school progress is that originated by Bishop Vincent, who would bring into the Sunday-school the study of the child and provision for its spiritual "food and motion" in the successive stages of its moral development. This follows the modern premise in education, which holds that a child grows by unfolding, and that there is in each individual an inner form or principle of growth, a something which is being unfolded, and which the teacher is bound to respect and follow. Individualism has a far better chance in the Sabbath-school class of six than in the secular class of sixty. The church school should profit by the advanced methods of the new education.

The need for better equipped and better trained teachers follows the march of progress. There are no more self-sacrificing laborers in the vineyard than those in the Sunday-school. But here, too, the teacher should possess certain qualifications, a knowledge of the child's mind, and sympathy with his point of view; knowledge of the truth and power of analysis and synthesis, and perfect self-command.

The trend of the Sunday-school movement toward a practical and working organization is seen in the employment of field workers, missionaries and secretaries. Training schools for teachers and pay for experienced Bible instructors will follow the endorsement of religious education by the churches.

The Sunday-school of today is not the same that it was twenty-five years ago; neither will it be the same twenty-five years hence that it is today. Each practical, applied thought increases its power; each world's and local convention expands and multiplies its service. The twentieth century Sunday-school will be a powerful factor in the new era of education for the world's best and highest development.

"THE NEGRO AND THE WAR"

BISHOP W. J. GAINES.

THE article with the above caption which appeared in ZION'S HERALD of June 29, and which was written by Rev. Edward Leigh Pell, of Richmond, Va., is a curio of its kind. It deserves a place in Barnum's museum or the Smithsonian Institution, where it should be carefully preserved as a unique specimen.

Benedict Arnold once asked a loyal captain what the Americans would do with him if they caught him. He replied: "I believe they would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Quebec, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body on a gibbet."

With the exception of the last paragraph in Dr. Pell's article, there is not a single candid, serious, broad-minded statement in his entire diatribe—for such it must be considered. Through the whole of it runs a vein of light, contemptuous, thinly-disguised abuse, which is unworthy the theme he handles so flippantly. In his first paragraph he says: "If we compare him [the Negro] to a dog, as we are seldom ashamed of doing;" and then proceeds to describe what sort of a dog he is. Now I submit that such coarse and unkind comparisons in what should be a dignified discussion is a lowering of the dignity of the learned Doctor himself and ill-suited to the importance of the theme he is considering.

We could afford, however, to pass over this and other slighting mention of the Negro in the article we are considering, had Dr. Edward Leigh Pell confined himself to facts instead of to fancies. The whole purpose of his article, if it has any clear-cut aim at all, is to show that the Negro is not patriotic; and after expending many words in making statements and modifying them, he concludes thus: "The Negro's lack of patriotism does not account for his staying at home. The colored people are lacking in self-respect and no amount of sneering can force them to go; and they are lacking in cool courage; but they are more easily influenced than the whites." And then he adds as a modifier—for he seems as reckless with extenuating clauses as he is with insulting charges: "And it can hardly be doubted that if the same amount of influence that has been used by designing men to keep them at home had been used to induce them to go, they would have responded quite as freely as our own people."

The facts are—and no one ought to know them better than Dr. Pell—that the Negro has responded to every call that has been made upon him during the present war between the United States and Spain. The Negroes have in many cases felt aggrieved that the Governors of the several Southern States have not given them the opportunity to enlist. Had they done so, there would have been thousands of colored soldiers at the front today.

By a strange coincidence I received the copy of ZION'S HERALD containing Dr. Pell's article and the Atlanta *Even-*

ing Journal in the same mail. Two items in the last-named paper give a crushing answer to every statement made by the learned Doctor that the Negro is lacking in patriotism or refuses to enlist in his country's service. The first item is a special to the *Journal* from Montgomery, Ala., and is as follows: "The second call of the President for troops; only appropriations two brigades to Alabama. One Negro battalion had already been accepted under the first call, and the Governor, desiring to make up a regiment of Negroes, confined his proclamation for the second call to colored men, and asked for eight companies or two battalions. Sixteen companies have been tendered the adjutant general, but he could accept only eight in the order in which the tenders were made from different parts of the State as follows: two from Montgomery, two from Mobile, one from Birmingham, one from Auburn, one from Troy, and one from Sheffield." In this case it seems that eight more companies of Negro soldiers volunteered than the Governor called for. Besides these, one Negro battalion had already been accepted under the first call. How do these cold facts tally with the reckless statements of Rev. Edward Leigh Pell, D. D., editor of the *Bible Reader*, Richmond, Va.?

One other item we take from the *Atlanta Journal* of the same date (July 2). Dr. S. W. Styles, the Atlanta physician who was recently given an appointment in the medical department of the army, is now at work organizing a regiment of rice-field Negroes. In speaking of his regiment today the doctor said he had men at work now among the Negroes on the Georgia coast, and that he already had 760 men waiting to enlist. He anticipates no trouble in securing five hundred more men, and says he is now on the lookout for officers to take charge of his regiment. "Those rice-field Negroes will make the best kind of soldiers," he added. "I expect to have the regiment ready to go in under the next call for volunteers."

These facts do not show any lack of patriotism on the part of the Negro, nor do they show any disposition on his part to want to stay at home, as the learned Doctor charges.

"Heaven defend the Negro," concludes the Doctor, "from his defenders!" We might add, Heaven save him from his traducers! It would seem as if men who occupy such positions as Dr. Pell would not lend themselves to increasing the prejudice which is already arrayed against the Negro in many quarters; especially when to make out their case they must pervert the facts. I have written in no spirit of unkindness toward Dr. Pell, but in justice to my people and out of respect to the truth.

Atlanta, Ga.

—The price we pay for the highest things makes their importance clear to us; and when we have once learned that lesson we have gone a long way toward learning the deepest lesson of life. He who has gained character at the expense of ease and leisure and pleasure is never again confused by the charms or delights or solicitations of these lesser things. . . . The country is learning anew that the price of growth is always sacrifice. God grant that it may

learn also that the bitterness of sorrow can be turned into spiritual strength only by a noble use of its gains. — *Outlook*.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS

III

Hail Columbia

REV. FRED WINSLOW ADAMS

MOST of us, I suppose, can recite the first two lines of this patriotic song,—

"Hail Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band!"

It would be interesting to know how many could go further than this, or how many could put their hands on the poem in an ordinary library. I consulted, in vain, several encyclopedias of literature, and an index of over three hundred popular books of recitations, without finding this great national poem. The reason may be because it is not literature, to accept the judgment of Richard Grant White. He says: "Both the words and music of 'Hail Columbia' are commonplace, vulgar, and pretentious; and the people themselves have found this out." Of course it would be easy enough to find the song in any music book of patriotic airs. Here are the words:—

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost,

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS:

Firm, united, let us be,

Rallying round our liberty!

As a band of brothers joined,

Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While off'ring peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fall.

CHORUS:

Firm, united, let us be, etc.

"Hail Columbia" enjoys a distinction which cannot be claimed for either of its more popular competitors, "America" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," and that is, the music as well as the words had birth on American soil and in American patriotism. It also has the prestige of association with Washington, and it was written by an American patriot, the son of one of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence. The music was composed in 1789 by Prof. Phyla, a Philadelphia musician. It was entitled "The President's March," and was played at Trenton when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. One hundred years ago (1798) Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, LL. D., wrote the words of "Hail Columbia," to be sung to "The President's March." Mr. Hopkinson was a prominent jurist of his day, represented Pennsylvania in

the United States Congress, was one of the founders and first president of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and vice-president of the American Philosophical Society.

Mr. Hopkinson wrote "Hail Columbia" for a professional vocalist, Mr. Gilbert Fox, who was to have a benefit at the theatre of which he was an *attaché* in Philadelphia. It seems Mr. Fox had become acquainted with Hopkinson when at school, and, on this ground, called on a Saturday afternoon before the Monday on which his benefit was to occur, and asked assistance. He explained that his prospects were disheartening, but that if he could only secure a patriotic song adapted to the tune of "The President's March," he would feel sure of a full house. The poets of the theatrical corps, he said, had tried, but without success. Hopkinson replied to this appeal: "I will try what I can do." While, then, it is literally true that "Hail Columbia" was written for an actor's benefit, the implication would not be true that this was alone, or chiefly, the author's motive. It was not. The song was written in stirring times, and written to create an American spirit. This the author tells us in his own words in a letter written to Rev. Rufus W. Griswold in 1842. A part of the letter quoted below will show the circumstances which made "Hail Columbia" possible:—

"It was in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called, while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause, and the violence of party spirit had never risen higher, I think not so high, in our own country as it did at that time upon that question. . . . The object of the author [in writing "Hail Columbia"] was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. . . . Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans; at least, neither could disallow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

Mr. Hopkinson was twenty-eight years old when he wrote "Hail Columbia," and was residing at 132 Spruce St., Philadelphia. John Adams was then President of the United States, and the line, "Behold the chief, who now commands," referred to him. It may be this

compliment secured the young lawyer an appointment from the administration. The *Aurora* of May 5, 1798, has this significant sentence: "Joseph Hopkinson, the author of the late Federal song to the tune of 'The President's March,' has been nominated by the President a commissioner to transact some business with the Indians. He has written his song to some tune—that's clear!" Hopkinson also received an appointment under John Quincy Adams—a United States judgeship for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, which position he held until his death. He presented General Washington with a copy of his poem, and received in return a complimentary letter of thanks.

Yalesville, Conn.

OLD-TIME METHODIST MINISTERS

DEACON HOMESPUN.

I DON'T know whether my old weekly friend, ZION'S HERALD, would keer to print this letter or no—but 'twill relieve my feelins' amazn' to write it. It all cum about uv the HERALD a printin' the pictur uv Dr. William R. Clark the other week—and an amazn' good likeness it wuz.

You see I knowed the dear doctor years ago, for he wuz my pastor, and I hev alwuz looked upon him as one uv our very best preachers. What a voice he hed—clear, sweet and strong—and the manna that he fed his people each week wuz kalkilated to make better men and women uv them; and it did. I liked him because he wasn't stuck up a mite, but jest noticed and made as much uv me—a plain, old-fashioned Methodist farmer before I cum to town—as he did uv the rich and eddicated folks uv his congregation. He used to make me feel that he lived in pretty clus companionship with his Master, and after listenin' to one uv his sermons, you felt how great and blessed a boon salvation wuz, and that there wa'n't anything in this world worth comparin' with it. How mean and small he would make one feel! But he wouldn't leave us there—no, he alwuz had a word of encouragement fur the weakest uv us, and filled us jest chock full of hope that there wuz a chance for us to make men uv ourselves. He never apologized for the old Bible, that I ever hern on, but give us the blessed promises fur our encouragement, and the "thou shalt nots" fur our discipline. I hev seen him in revivals. He wuz alwuz very kind and tender with penitents, and they received his instruction with great confidence, feelin' that he was interested in them above everybody else in the world. What a figger he hed twenty years ago, and there wuz goodness stamped on every line uv his refined features. He's gettin' clus down to the river's edge and the prayer uv one old man is that he may hev a peaceful crossin' over.

But how the figgers uv some uv our grand old preachers cum a troopin' before me as I set thinkin' uv days gone by. What good wurk they did; and much uv it wuz mighty hard wurk. They didn't hev Pullman keers to ride around in—oh! no, but were fortunate if they cud hev a boss to travel from one preachin' station to another. I've seen 'em in the old days, and hed 'em stoppin' at my house many and many a time. If we didn't hev very much, at least we wuz alwuz more than willin'—we wuz glad—to share it with the minister. He made hisself to hum, and wuz interested in every one uv the family. We sot more store by honesty and integrity than we did by clothes, and there wuz more a kindred feelin' then than now, it seems to me.

There cums up before my mind's eye now

the pictur uv a man who hed about as rough a time in his youth and young manhood as hed eny of 'em, yet he succeeded in makin' much uv hisself and doing good wurk for church and country. Mark Trafton! What a host uv memories thet name brings up! He wuz as tall and sturdy as an oak, and hed an eye that would hev rivaled an eagle's. He was very sarkastic, and woe to the person whose actions met with his disapproval. He cud say sharp things in a kind way, and few people tuk offense. He wuz a man of unbounded wit; jest a-bubblin' over with it, and he wusn't afeared to let it loose occasionally in his sermon. He had a big heart, full uv sympathy fur the unfortunate, but wuz sometimes misjudged by people who wuzn't in clus touch with him—men and women who thought him aristocratic. I enjied him as a preacher, admired him as a man, and trust that his sunset will go down upon an unclouded sky.

But there cums before me another figger uv a man uv altogether different make-up from either uv the previous ones mentioned. He wuz jest as sweet and gentle ez a woman, and you couldn't help but love him, saint or sinner, fur he wuz made to luv. And he cud preach. You hed to keep yer ears open and follow him clusly, but it paid. He wud give you sumthin' to keep thinkin' over all week, and many and many a time, when I wuz down in the vally, the thought of Dr. Sherman and his wurds hev pulled me through into the sunshine again. He's gone home; his life wurk is dun, but the good man's influence is a-helpin' some of us every day to fight it out on the gospel lines. I'm a-hopin', through grace, to beat the flesh and the devil, and at the end to meet the dear Doctor in Father's house, and go no more out forever.

The other day—it might have been the other week—I seed a man on the street and shuk his hand, who is one uv my fav'rites. Like the others, he's a tall man, but filled out a leetle more than them. He's got a big head—and it's jest full of good things. Many and many a time I've sot and listened to Dr. Dorchester as he's brought out the good things from God's granary and fed his people. What a family he has! If any man ever hed reason to be proud uv his boys he's the man. Young Daniel can fight the lions jest as well as his father, and Liverus, a tall young saplin', is up an' comin'. The Doctor has a great hed for statisticks, and I've puzzled my poor old noddle a good deal over his writin's. He's jest red hot on temperance, and never sot much store by liquor as a stedy drink. Our kentry has hed the benefit uv his services, and I reckon our red-skin brothers ain't eny wurs fur his tryin' to sot their ideas sproutin'. He is a good business man, and generally cud give his official boards sum pints on how to take care of its finances. The church has honored him, and, like a good son, he's reflected honor on the church. I'm a-wishing he'll tarry with us a while longer, fur it's a kumfurt to my old heart to know that sum uv the old warriors are a-restin' a leetle while under the shade trees before leavin' us forever on earth.

But I've got to quit. A scene jest comes to my mind which kind uv upsets me. It wuz Hamilton camp-ground, and there wuz a big audience. The ministers' stand wuz full, an' every one seemed to be expectin' somethin' great—and they wuzn't disapinted. After the singin', Dr. Clark offered prayer—and sech a prayer ez it wuz! He appeared to fidget everythin' around him and to be shut in with his Father. The kiset door wuz shut in spirit, I reckon. He prayed long and earnestly fur the preacher until the big audience wuz in full sympathy with the man who wuz to speak. After singin', Gilbert Haven stepped to the front, an' a mighty

hush fell upon us all. It wuz jest after he had ben made a Bishop, an' the people wuz lookin' fur sumthin' extra — an' they got it. Our Heavenly Father visited and blessed His children that day in great abundance. I wuz full and runnin' over with joy and happiness, and my old heart is stirred mightily now when I think uv it. The black man's friend and brother hez fought his fight, and it wuz a grand one — and he's entered into the joy uv his Lord. I wonder whose a-wearin' uv his mantle!

My hed is chock full uv a lot of uther old warriors uv the Cross, but I reckon this is enough for one time. If your readers enjoy it and want any more you ken apply to "DEACON HOMESPUN," Malden.

THE PREACHER'S VACATION

The old man went to meetin', for the day was bright and fair,
Though his limbs were very totterin' and 'twas hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the Gospel, so he trudged the weary way,
On the road so rough and dusty, 'neath the summer's burning ray.

By and by he reached the building — to his soul a holy place;
Then he paused and wiped the sweat-drops off his thin and wrinkled face.
But he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did not toll,
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he did not see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said,
"What does it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed almost a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway, and he breathed a heavy sigh,
Just to go once more to meetin' ere the summons came to die.

But he saw a little notice tacked upon the meetin' door,
So he limped along to read it, and he read it o'er and o'er.
Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o'er again,
Till his limbs began to tremble and his eyes began to pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his spirit burn!
"Pastor absent on vacation — church is closed till his return."
Then he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him till he thought his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud and wondered, to himself soliloquized:
"I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so surprised
As I read that oddest notice stickin' on the meetin' door —
'Pastor off on a vacation.' Never heard the like before.

"Why, when I first joined the meetin', very many years ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit in the heat and through the snow.
If they got their clothes and vittals, 'twas but little cash they got;
They said nothing 'bout vacation, but were happy in their lot.

"Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the shepherd leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or provide them food to eat?
So it strikes me very sing'lar when a man of holy hands
Thinks he needs to have vacation and forsakes his tender lambs.

"Tell me, when I tread the valley and go up the shinin' height,
Will I hear no angels singin' — will I see no gleamin' light?
Will the golden harps be silent, will I meet no welcome there?
Why, the thought is most distractin'; 'twould be more than I could bear!

"Tell me, when I reach the city over on the other shore,
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the golden door,
Tellin' me, 'mid dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn:
'Jesus absent on vacation — heaven closed till His return?'"

— Unidentified.

JOHN H. TWOMBLY, D. D. TO KEEP HIS MEMORY GREEN.

Dr. Twombly and Boston University
PRESIDENT W. F. WARREN.

AMONG the papers left by Dr. Twombly there is one which relates to his own connection with the establishment of Boston University. It was written near the close of his life, probably in the year 1890 or 1891. It is too long to print in this place, but the most important portion is so interesting and so exemplifies the manner in which in the accomplishment of great purposes Providence leads one faithful soul after another into the needful methods of co-operation, that many will read it with eagerness. Nothing that I could write would so forcibly illustrate the character of this honored leader in our church and his ardent devotion to the educational work of Methodism.

After a prefatory word of apology for the necessarily personal character of that which he is about to narrate, Dr. Twombly proceeds to speak of certain local denominational needs which he had always keenly felt and of the measures which about the years 1868 and 1869 were being adopted to meet them. He says: "The Theological School had been moved from Concord, New Hampshire, to Boston and the idea of a Methodist college was floating in the air as a very remote contingency." Referring then to the ignorance of other churches touching our educational work, the smallness of our representation among the masters of public schools, the fewness of our eminent lawyers and physicians, he proceeds as follows:—

"These facts stirred my soul, for I knew they militated against our religious prosperity. At length I was impressed that the time had come for me to make an effort in the spirit of religious devotion, and on the anniversary of my birthday, Sunday, July 19, 1868, I carried the subject to God in earnest prayer, and after a season of fervent supplication to God for direction and help, I solemnly promised Him to work for a Methodist college or university in Boston till I saw the institution or died. Than that I never made a more solemn vow. I felt that such a project would require years of toil, and in my case unrequited toil. However, I cherished the purpose with an ardor with which I have scarcely ever cherished a scheme for my own personal good. I felt that such an institution would be a bulwark not for Methodism alone, but for evangelism in New England. I speedily outlined a plan for action, but took no step without prayer. Knowing the prominence of Hon. Jacob Sleeper among our Methodist people, and thinking that no other person of any considerable influence would attempt to lead an educational movement in opposition to his views, I went first to him.* That visit was preceded and attended with earnest prayer. With somewhat of trembling I set before him my views in respect to the wants of the church and the remedy in part which I wanted our people to try, and in my caution suggested that something ought certainly to be done within ten or fifteen years. He listened with quiet yet earnest attention and in reply said, 'Brother Twombly, it won't do to wait fifteen years, nor ten, nor even five.' Other kind words were added, and a cloud — rather, a millstone

* At this time Dr. Twombly resided in Charlestown, where he was superintendent of schools.

— was lifted off my soul. Among other things I said, 'I know that in a movement of this kind somebody must die for it' — meaning work for it without reward or credit — 'and as I must die, I might as well die for this object as any.' He seemed to appreciate the law of sacrifice in such a connection.

"In a day or two I left for a few weeks of rest in my vacation, and soon after my return, which was late in August or early in September, I sought an interview with Hon. Lee Claflin, but he was in the West. A few weeks having passed, I went to Boston again to see him; he was then in New York city. Still later I made a third call, and found him at his place of business. He received me very kindly, expressed gratification at what I had done, and promised generous aid, but said, 'I am very busy today, please come again, for I want to talk with you more about this business.' At the next visit he was quite at leisure, and we freely conversed of several things relative to the movement, and he renewed with emphasis his former promise of substantial aid. Then I went directly to the office of ZION'S HERALD and told the editor, Gilbert Haven, what I had promised the Lord that I would do, and the responses made by Hons. Sleeper and Claflin. Haven was so suddenly and completely delighted that he actually hopped clean from the floor, saying, 'I know where we can get \$200,000 more. I am confident Rich will do that much,' at the same time giving me to understand that he expected most of Mr. Rich's property would go to Wesleyan University and to Wesleyan Academy — not much, however, to the latter. His statement about the amount that might be secured from Mr. Rich was only an opinion — he had no promise of even a cent. My interview with Haven took place I think late in October, and the individuals named above were the only ones to whom I had uttered a lip on the subject. Other parties had to be reached, other steps cautiously taken, so that several weeks passed without events which need be stated. During this period no one, so far as I have ever learned, supposed that Mr. Rich had the slightest thought of founding a college, much less a university, in Boston or vicinity. No hint of the kind was ever given by him directly or indirectly to those who were most anxious for the movement. On the contrary, we supposed him to be so far opposed to such a project that only a small donation, if any, could be obtained from him. Dr. David Patten, who said more about a college than any other person, never counted very much upon Brother Rich, and the sanguine Haven felt himself pretty thoroughly squelched on New Year's Day, '69. On that day he dined at Mr. Rich's. Dr. Cummings sat at the right of the host and Haven at the left. Wishing to draw out Mr. Rich on the great subject, Haven said, 'Brother Rich, don't you think it is about time to start a Methodist college in Boston?' Mr. Rich, as Haven said, 'with his little fist and great carving knife smote the table till every dish rattled,' and he said, 'There shall not be a Methodist college in Boston while I live.' Haven was non-plussed and thought the project must be given up or wait for years. Weeks passed, but silent influences were operating.

"On the evening of Feb. 26, 1869, an important meeting of the prudential committee of the trustees of the Theological Seminary was held in the school building on Pinckney St. There were present Gov. Wm. Claflin, chairman, and Isaac Rich, Jacob Sleeper, Dr. William F. Warren, Dr. Patten and J. H. Twombly. The last-named was secretary of the committee. Dr. Warren, who had lately committed himself to the new scheme, presented several items of business in an order suggested by G. Haven and approved by Dr. Warren and myself, in order to approach the delicate subject so as to disturb Mr. Rich as little as possible. The delicate topic or item was 'the propriety of enlarging the corpo-

rate powers of the board of trustees so as to include a collegiate department at some future time.* Informal talk followed to the effect that it might be wise to obtain a charter for a University Loan Fund Association, with power to develop a university when the accumulated funds would warrant such a movement. Hon. Jacob Sleeper moved that J. H. Twombly be a committee to consider the expediency of obtaining a charter for a college, and if he deemed such a movement advisable, to prepare a draft of a petition to the Legislature for a charter. This motion was adopted without debate, and Mr. Rich, who was present though not a member of the committee, nervously hitched his chair to one side. The secretary moved that Dr. Warren be added to the committee; Gov. Claflin quickly seconded and put the motion, which was quickly adopted. At this Mr. Rich took his hat and left.† The committee promptly attended to their duties, but such was the general doubt respecting the new movement, and the attitude Mr. Rich might assume toward it, that they decided to obtain a charter for a University Loan Fund Association, with power to establish a university.‡ They laid this plan before Hon. Joshua N. Marshall, chairman of the Judiciary committee of the Legislature, and requested him to draw up the necessary papers. Mr. Marshall was a lawyer and member of the Senate from Lowell. The committee did not dare urge an immediate forward step because no funds were in sight, and they had no good reason to suppose Mr. Rich would champion the movement. A few days passed, and the committee were called up to the State House for an interview with Mr. Marshall. I here reach a pivotal point in the history of the development. Mr. Marshall said, in substance: "Gentlemen, I think you are going to work in a roundabout way, and that your better course is to secure a charter for a university at once." We were delighted with the advice, but scarcely knew what to do in the premises. Dr. Warren remarked, "We cannot commence on a university at once, nor in fact for a considerable time to come, and by delay we might lose our charter." Mr. Marshall assured us that no trouble

* The exact language of the official record as made at the time and still preserved in Dr. Twombly's own handwriting, is as follows:—

"The expediency of enlarging the corporate powers of the board so as to develop a collegiate department or of establishing an independent college was carefully considered, and, on motion of Jacob Sleeper, it was

"*Resolved*, that a committee be appointed to consider the expediency of obtaining a charter for a college, and, if they deem such a movement advisable, to prepare a draft of a petition to the Legislature for a charter. J. H. Twombly and Dr. Warren were appointed said committee."

† At this point Dr. Twombly's recollections and my own do not quite coincide. The charter of the Drew Theological Seminary, granted by the Legislature of New Jersey in 1868, gave to its board of trustees authority at any later date to develop a collegiate department in addition to the theological. To this, as a legislative precedent, I early called the attention of the trustees of our own Theological Seminary, and it was this precedent which led those of us who desired to see a Methodist college or university in Boston to believe it could be provided for by "enlarging the corporate powers" of our existing board. At the time of our first meeting with Mr. Marshall, Dr. Twombly and I, as appointed to represent the prudential committee, submitted the form of charter for which we desired to petition, which form contemplated not a new corporation (a "Loan Fund Association"), but the enlargement of the powers of the existing corporation, the trustees of the Boston Theological Seminary. As I prepared this earliest draft for a charter myself, I can hardly be mistaken as to its form, particularly as, for the sake of having a precedent to which to appeal when the hearing should be had before the legislative committee, I purposely modeled the desired act as closely as possible after that given by the New Jersey Legislature. I find it difficult to understand how a petition to incorporate a "University Loan Fund Association," with the power to found a university at some indefinite future time, could have been made to seem reasonable; nor is it easy to think of any form of *loaning* that could have been contemplated by the petitioners if incorporated.

would arise from that source, and urged prompt action, saying, "Your denomination is large, and has no college in Massachusetts. Moreover, Boston is now open, and it may not be a few years later." With these suggestions from Capitol Hill, Messrs. Sleeper and Rich and others were waited upon, and the statesmanlike and complimentary views of the senator were duly set forth. Mr. Rich, ever ready to do a good work for his denomination, now saw the scheme in a new light—in fact, with the eyes of a statesman who was not a Methodist—and immediately changed his attitude. At the expiration of two weeks, on the 12th of March, the adjourned meeting of the prudential committee was held. Those present were Gov. Claflin, Hon. Jacob Sleeper, Dr. W. F. Warren, Hon. Charles H. Titus, and J. H. Twombly, members of the committee, and Messrs. Isaac Rich and Dr. J. W. Lindsay, trustees,* also Rev. Gilbert Haven. The special committee on charter reported through Dr. Warren in favor of petitioning the Legislature for a charter for a university. The report was unanimously accepted by the prudential committee. Mr. Rich became at once a cordial supporter of the movement.† Within two weeks Messrs. Rich, Sleeper, and six or eight others were before the Legislative Committee on Education asking for a charter for Boston University. . . . Our petition prevailed, and the act of the Legislature granting the charter for Boston University was approved on the 26th of May, 1869, by William Claflin, Governor."

The remainder of Dr. Twombly's paper contains some pages intended to show that the credit for enlisting Mr. Rich's interest and for accomplishing certain other things in the early development of the University was not predominantly due to a certain associate whose influence in the directions specified Dr. Twombly believed had been overrated. One could wish that these particular pages had not been written. The belief which prompted them, if not wholly groundless, was at least nearly so. Moreover, writing under so personal an anxiety for just recognition, it was almost inevitable that he should in some cases ascribe to influences known to himself events which in reality resulted from many tributary influences not all of which originated with him or were even known to him. Particularly was this true with respect to events that occurred after he left for the West. Furthermore, as one result of this corrective aim in the writer, the relation of Dr. David Patten to the origination of the University receives no adequate recognition in this paper. His name hardly appears, and yet Dr. Twombly admits, incidentally, that Dr. Patten "said more about a college than any other person." In my judgment, great as was the service of Dr. Twombly, Dr. Patten's was yet greater. Dr. Patten advocated the measure earlier, and but for his words Mr. Sleeper would not have been found so ready. Probably the most critical point in the whole line of transactions was the persuading of Isaac Rich to write his name as first signer of the petition to the Legislature. At that anxious hour it was our unanimous conviction that David Patten was the one man among us who could be trusted to succeed if success were possible. To him, therefore, was given the

* Dr. Lindsay was not a trustee of the Seminary, but a member of the faculty.

† See remarks below.

delicate commission to wait upon Mr. Rich at his home and to submit the drafted petition.* The interview took place in the library just off the front hall. In the great leathern easy-chair near the window sat the man of nerve and action. The little revolving writing table attached to the arm of the chair had been swung into position before him and on it lay spread out the petition. In a chair near by, with a countenance as calm as a heavenly sea, sat the anxious, unobtrusive saint who for years had been laboring and praying toward such a consummation as was now trembling in the balance. Mr. Rich was not ready to sign. What passed between the two is written in no human archive, but after discussion, after long holding the dipped pen, after hesitations which made the visitor's heart stand still, Isaac Rich at last wrote his name and the die was irrevocably cast. Of such achievements David Patten seldom if ever spoke, but without his quiet work, especially from 1865 onward, the other and later promoters of the establishment of the University could not have succeeded. At the same time I wish to add with equal emphasis that, in my judgment, without the work of Dr. Twombly, Lee Claflin and Dr. Patten would not have seen their ardent hopes fulfilled.

Other honored names should not be forgotten in this connection. From the statements made in his published *Life* and from the things otherwise known to me, I must believe that Dr. Gilbert Haven had a very important influence in bringing Mr. Rich to the point of making his will before starting for California in 1869. *Not that Dr. Haven influenced him to give his money to Boston University*—he himself testifies that for fear of occasioning discussion and delay "he never dared to suggest that the money should be given to Boston University, or to Wesleyan" (Prentice's "Life of Bishop Gilbert Haven," p. 466). The whole passage from which this quotation is taken is well worth reading, for it supplements the paper before us in very important respects and indirectly explains a misapprehension which a number of people seem to have shared.

In closing, it is pleasant to add that Mrs. Twombly sustains a singular and interesting relation to the yet earlier beginnings of our University School of Theology. In 1843-'44, when under the name of the Newbury Biblical Institute, its instruction was first organized in connection with that of the strong Conference Seminary at Newbury, Vermont, the theological candidates needed of course a professor of mental and moral science; and as these branches were then taught by the gifted preceptress, Miss Betsy Dow, and no means were at hand for the employment of another teacher, she became practically a member of the incipient theological faculty and had the honor of serving as first forerunner of Professor Bowne in the philosophical training of our candidates for the ministry. How well she did her work may be inferred from the distinguished careers of four of her pupils—Drs. Richard S. Rust, Nelson E. Cobleigh, Lorenzo R. Thayer and Charles N. Smith. Her in-

* Memorial of David Patten, D. D. Boston, 1889, p. 10.

telligent and inspiring sympathy was one of the elements which made her husband the educational leaven and leader in Church and State which life-long he continued to be.

In addition to what I have said above of Dr. Twombly's great services in connection with the starting of Boston University, I would be glad, with the permission of the editor, to express my high appreciation of his many-sidedness of character and influence.

As a teacher at Wilbraham he was so eager and successful that, although succeeded by a man who so shortly after became one of the most eminent of American educators, the class, as I have been told by one who was at the time a member, felt greatly disappointed at the change. From that work Mr. Twombly went to Williamsburg to his first pastorate. My brother Henry and I were boys at home at that time. The uncommon freshness and instructiveness of the new preaching was at once noted and with great delight. His illustrations, scientific and historical, gave special charm to his discourses. I remember a remark of my brother's made but a few weeks after the preacher's coming to the effect that so long as Brother T. was our preacher he would never again be a listener without being provided with pencil and paper for taking notes. In those days the faddists had as yet made no ado about the sociological side of the minister's work, but on one Thanksgiving or Fast Day Mr. Twombly shook the town to its very foundations by delivering a withering denunciation of the unchristian policy of letting out the support of the town paupers by the year to the lowest bidder. To the best of my knowledge and belief that sermon forever ended that form of "charity" in that town. Like many another ardent and able man of God, he was an effective sociologist before ever the word had been coined.

Dr. Twombly was an excellent representative of a new order of preachers — the college-trained. In nearly all of his charges during the first twenty-five years of his ministry he must have been the first of this order. To the earnest evangelism of the older men he brought the breadth and sympathy with secular and humanitarian endeavors which some at least of his predecessors had lacked. In Conference discussions and Conference action he made the way easier for men of his stamp who came later. When I entered Conference I was glad to find him my examiner in doctrine. My essay was on the weak places in Richard Watson's argument for the existence of God. Had it fallen into the hands of some of the fathers of that day, I doubtless would have suffered for my supposed audacity.

In honoring Dr. Twombly we honor a man of very distinguished ancestry, of unusual personal force, of remarkable mental alertness, of uncommon fertility of suggestion, of great sympathy with the young, of almost limitless power to hope and plan and labor toward the ends of all right progress. When in health he was ever an optimist, and one whose most extravagant dreams were contagious. He was one of the men whose traceable influence will not be limited to

the century in which it was his lot to be born.

Boston University.

Dr. Twombly as a Preacher

PROF. S. F. UPHAM, D. D.

DR. TWOMBLY early in his ministry commanded attention as a preacher. He occupied for more than a generation the best pulpits in the New England Conference, and only relinquished them when compelled to do so by the infirmities of age.

He was a thorough-going man of affairs, a pastor whose vigilant eye was upon every detail of church work, a man who really never grew old, but retained to the last hour of his ministerial life his interest in passing events and his love for young people; but he held his place in the Conference and in the churches because he could preach.

He loved to preach. The Sabbath was the best day of the week to him, for it brought him to his pulpit, and gave him the opportunity to proclaim the divine message of love. He never "hung around the Book Room" on Saturday hoping to find some "visiting brother" who would preach for him the next day, but waited in prayerful and studious preparation for the hour of holy privilege, the opportunity which an angel might covet of proclaiming the Gospel of the Son of God.

Dr. Twombly preached sermons, not essays. His discourses were clear and logical in arrangement, constructed homiletically — though he was not a slave to "rules" — and were well illustrated. They were not marked by striking originality, but he had the power in a remarkable degree of presenting old truths in a fresh and attractive way. His style was simple, pointed and direct. Obscure and metaphysical speculations had no charm for him. While his sermons always bore the marks of careful preparation, and revealed the scholarly instincts of the preacher, yet his message was not for subtle and refined philosophers, but for men and women in the every-day struggles and temptations of life.

Dr. Twombly was never dull in the pulpit, and sometimes preached with tremendous power. The writer recalls sermons preached at Martha's Vineyard, Yarmouth, and other camp-meetings, which were specimens of genuine oratory. The preacher on fire with his subject kindled emotion in the vast multitudes which thronged about him, while tears and shouts attested his magnetic power, and, best of all, the accompanying presence of the Holy Ghost.

He was pre-eminently a Gospel preacher. This was his strength. He believed and therefore spoke. His preaching sprang from intense, positive and fiery convictions. Christianity meant to him, first, a series of incontrovertible historic facts; and, next, a series of doctrines derivable from those facts, and then a life proceeding from those doctrines. His soul was attuned to the key of faith, not of doubt. He acted upon Spurgeon's favorite maxim: "Preach nothing but Christ up, and nothing but sin down." The great

themes of redemption occupied his thoughts first, last, and all the time. He believed in the Old Testament *unabridged*, and in the divine-human Christ of the New, "of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." He did not think that the old theology is obsolete or obsolescent. Ever hospitable to the discoveries of genuine scholarship, he yet had the unshaken conviction that there are some truths which have earned the stability that makes it safe to trust and tie to them.

Dr. Twombly died in the pastorate. His last discourses, delivered in great physical weakness, had the old-time unction. He has left an impression upon New England Methodism which will never be effaced.

Madison, N. J.

Dr. Twombly and the Social Union

HON. E. H. DUNN.

IN looking over the history of Boston Methodism for the past forty years, having had an acquaintance with most, if not all, of the men who during that time have labored to promote the interests of our church, and especially to place it on a social and influential relation with the other denominations of our city and secure for it every advantage which those denominations have obtained, the one man of all others who was alive to the wants of our city Methodism and who watched with the keenest interest every opportunity to advance its interests, was Dr. John H. Twombly. In many of his plans for advancement I was interested, and was often consulted in reference to their success.

Dr. Twombly saw the importance of bringing the laymen and ministers of our denomination into a closer social relation to each other, thereby increasing a general and intimate knowledge of the wants and the work of our churches and strengthening our interests in the whole church. For this purpose he conceived the project of the formation of the Methodist Social Union of our city, and by his personal labor and influence succeeded in bring together a large number of the leading laymen and ministers and organizing the Social Union. This Union has been a success from the start. It has brought to our knowledge the wants and workings of our church and her institutions throughout the world as no other agency has. To Dr. Twombly belongs the credit of thus bringing our people together and strengthening the bonds of Christian fellowship.

Boston, Mass.

Dr. Twombly and Education

REV. N. T. WHITAKER, D. D.

THE Rev. John H. Twombly, D. D., was an educator. His piety, natural gifts and culture made him apt to teach. His conversion to Christ was thoroughly Biblical. It was radical and experimental. It energized his mental powers and gave to him an intense desire to acquire truth wherever found and then to utilize it for the honor of Christ and the betterment of his fellow-men. He became more than learned — he be-

came educated. His mental powers were disciplined by hard study and persistent application. They commanded the respect of his fellow-students at Old Wesleyan and won the Greek letter honors. Throughout his life, like the sainted David Sherman, he kept himself fully abreast with the times, and was often a leader in scientific, philosophical and religious knowledge. He was in constant communion with the best American and English authors through their works, his clear and well-trained mind grasping and retaining their choicest thoughts. Even those acquainted with his habits of study, which continued through life, were often surprised at his intimate acquaintance with nearly every department of useful knowledge. With a remarkable versatility of intellect he would draw the gathered truths from his well-stored mind, clothe them in beautiful forms, and then eloquently proclaim them, delighting and instructing his hearers. This made his discourses interesting and instructive, made him an acknowledged authority in scholastic matters, and easily won the enthusiastic confidence and admiration of his students while instructor in Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, 1843-'46.

Nature endowed him with great administrative powers. He was born to organize and to rule. Calm in thought and judicious in purpose, he possessed the rare power of persuading men to unite for the realization of his projects. Had he made politics his profession, he would have filled a commanding position and have been renowned for broad statesmanship and great executive abilities. This made his educational work of commanding and permanent value. It enabled him to lead the majority of the church members in the parishes that he served in united, efficient church work. It qualified him to serve with great acceptance as a member of the school committee in Roxbury, Chelsea, Charlestown and Lynn; as a director in the American Institute of Instruction; as superintendent of the public schools of Charlestown from 1860 to 1870; as an overseer of Harvard College, to which position he was twice elected for six years by the Massachusetts State Legislature, serving from 1855 to 1867; as president of the Wisconsin State University, 1871-'74; as trustee of Boston University from its foundation until his death; as chairman of the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University; and for several years as president of the New England Education Society.

A third element of the success of Dr. Twombly as an educator was his intense and unwavering interest in young people. Such a thing as jealousy when younger men were advanced in the ministry was foreign to his common sense and piety. He realized the immense advantages possessed by the educated young man over his uneducated brother, and enthusiastically urged all young people to secure, if possible, a liberal education. This caused him while superintendent of the public schools of Charlestown to inaugurate the custom of giving diplomas to the grammar-school graduates—a custom now prevailing with most excellent results throughout

this commonwealth. He was one of the leaders and charter-members of the New England Education Society, which was organized in 1855 to aid indigent young men called by God to the work of the Methodist ministry, and which has expended \$200,000 in this important work. This same interest in the welfare of young people led him to organize young people's societies in his pastorates and made him a leader in the organization of the Young People's Christian League, which with similar organizations was consolidated into the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

An intense interest in young people, the profound conviction that their best possibilities demanded their liberal education, the power to conceive and to execute the best measures to secure it, enabled him to draw from his richly-stored and disciplined mind truth in its best form—made him an educator.

Chelsea, Mass.

Dr. Twombly and the Young People's Movement

REV. W. I. HAVEN.

I KNOW of no man in the church who saw so clearly the oncoming of the young people's movement as John H. Twombly, and I know of no one who did more to help it on. He seemed to have a prophet's discernment. In 1857 he organized the young people of his church in Chelsea, in 1859 in Worcester, and in 1861 to 1864 in Charlestown, and several other places. At the General Conference of 1864 he introduced resolutions calling upon pastors to organize the young people wherever practicable for social, intellectual and moral improvement. In an address before the New England Conference of 1866, at Tremont Temple, he urged the same line of work. Again at the New England Conference of 1869 he urged the matter and prophesied a great representative convention of young people at some central point at no distant day. Cleveland, Chattanooga and Toronto were in his vision at that time. His work reached out beyond New England, for in 1872, at the State House in Madison, Wisconsin, at a Methodist Episcopal State Convention, he urged the formation of young people's societies. In 1881, at the New England Conference in Lynn, he introduced resolutions favoring the calling of a national convention. Some of us will remember with interest the first convention of young people in our churches in New England, which was inspired by Dr. Twombly and held in the old Bromfield St. Church in March, 1887, which convention prepared the way for the meeting in October in the First Church, where very properly the first general organization for New England, the Young People's Christian League, was formed.

In the counsels of the League Dr. Twombly was most suggestive and encouraging. We all looked up to him as a father in wisdom, and we all felt at one with him as a brother in planning and action.

He impressed us as being singularly catholic in his sympathies and yet never led astray by his catholic spirit into that

misty vagueness which forgets the church. I never knew one who could more truthfully sing,—

"I love Thy church, O God!"

Nor one who could more honestly add the whole stanza:—

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end."

Dr. Twombly deserves to be held in affectionate remembrance by the young people of the church who owe more to his foresight and persistent enthusiasm than can easily be recorded.

Brookline, Mass.

Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming word
Which wind and wave on wild Gennesareth heard,
Lift in Christ's name His cross against the sword!
Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm,
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.
Still lives for earth, which fiends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God—
Evil shall cease and violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.

—Whittier.

THE PREACHING THAT UPLIFTS

SANCTIFIED twaddle in the pulpit always pleases a crowd for a season. But when the season of sensationalism is over the community is lowered rather than uplifted. The preaching that has lifted populations out of degradation has always been that of students. Calvin was the most learned man of his time. Luther was a splendid Latin and Hebrew scholar. And Switzerland was saved to the Reformation by the preaching of Calvin and the almost equally learned Zwingli, while the Germany of today is really founded on the popular preaching of Martin Luther. Knox preached before kings. The Gospel which has made Scotland the most religious nation on the face of the earth did not consist of pleasant Sunday talks without hammering at the deep things. Christmas Evans was profound, poetical, and imaginative, and he and the noble pulpites of the principality at the beginning of this century brought the Welsh people out of the horrible pit of indifference and Erastianism.

A popular superficial ministry when sanctified has its proper sphere. But ministries of this school when multiplied actually injure the public mind. They minimize the glory of the Gospel. C. H. Spurgeon dreaded the very thing which thoughtless people ascribed to him. He believed in scholarly preaching adapted to audiences according to their needs. The splendid success of Dr. McLaren and of Dr. Joseph Parker, lasting for half a century, must be accepted as a monumental proof of the power of men who read and think, and yet are able to touch the emotions of thousands with more than transient sensationalism. The preaching of Melvill in the last generation, and of Liddon in this, saved the Church of England from the reproach of that contemptibly small Gospel which inflicted spiritual starvation on multitudes. Let scholars and students not be discouraged by the fact that a learned ministry seems to be at a discount. There is no reason why, as in the case of Wesley, Whitefield, Toplady, Newman, Manning, Wilberforce, Magee, Robertson, Sorlain, Irving, and the pulpit giants who have too few successors, a deep insight into truth should not acceptably accompany the popular presentation of evangelical truth.—*Christian Commonwealth* (London).

THE FAMILY

"HOPE THOU IN GOD"

Psalm 42: 5.

SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

"Hope thou in God."

Do storms lower black above thee?

High over all His golden sunlight shines.
Dost feel forsaken? Hast thou none to love thee?

Nor height, nor depth, nor time, His love confines.

"Hope thou in God."

"Hope thou in God."

In peaceful expectation

Look up; His rainbow spans thy darkened sky;

Thick clouds are oft His royal habitation;
The trusting heart shall find Him ever nigh.

"Hope thou in God."

"Hope thou in God."

In thirsty desert places

Refreshing streams from riven rocks shall flow;

No night so dark but bending angel faces
Look down upon thee, pitying thy woe.

"Hope thou in God."

"Hope thou in God."

Opens a grave beside thee?

Nay, start not; lay thee down and rest in peace.

One slept and rose. What evil can betide thee?

'Tis there all sorrows end, all troublings cease.

"Hope thou in God."

"Hope thou in God."

One day, thine eyes beholding,

Not darkly, through a glass, but face to face,

Shall know His gracious love, thy life unfolding,

Marked out the pathway for thy feet to trace.

"Hope thou in God."

"Hope thou in God."

Attune thy voice to praises,

That when thy hope to full fruition change,

The song of joy thy raptured heart upraises,
To unaccustomed lips seem not too strange.

"Hope thou in God."

Westport, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Still, when the sun of summer burns,
My longing for the hills returns;
And northward, leaving at my back
The warm vale of the Merrimac,
I go to meet the winds of morn,
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,
Breathe scent of pines, and satisfy
The hunger of a lowland eye.

— Whittier.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do; and one does like it — in time.
— Dinah Muloch Craik.

The eternal life, the life of faith, is simply the life of the higher vision. Faith is an attitude — a mirror set at the right angle. — Henry Drummond.

The painter smiled at her in return, and said, "Had you any children in the old time?"

She paused a little before she replied: "I had children in love, but none that were born mine."

"It is the same," he said — "it is the same; and if one of them had sinned against you, injured you, done wrong in any way, would you have cast him off, or what would you have done?"

"Oh!" said the Little Pilgrim again,

with a vivid light of memory, coming into her face, which showed she had no need to think of this as something that might have happened, but knew. "I brought him home; I nursed him ever again; I prayed for him night and day. Did you say 'cast him off,' when I had most need of me? Then I never could have loved him."

"Then you think you love better than our Father," he said. — M. O. W. Oliphant.

The presence of Christ ever felt, ever enjoyed, is avowedly the privilege of all privileges, the joy of all joys; but how is it secured? Where lies the secret of those who possess it? I believe there is no other answer than the old time-worn, but not worn-out, prescription of prayer and Bible-reading. Fall back on prayer: remember Gordon's telegraphic communication with Christ. Fall back on Bible reading: remember Bossuet's habit of never being without his Bible on his writing-table, whether at home, or on travel, or at court, and how he pointed to it, saying, "I cannot live without that." Only we must not be surprised or cast down if the more intense realization of that Divine companionship and its consequent joy prove intermittent. Shall we be wrong in saying it is always so? The saintly Samuel Rutherford was wont to describe how the tides of religious feeling rose and fell within his heart: "I have not now for a long time found such high spring tides as formerly. The sea is out, and I cannot bring a wind and cause it to flow again; only I wait on the shore till the Lord sends a full sea. But even to dream of Him is sweet." So he writes in one letter, and then overleaf we read in another: "I am well, honor to God. He hath broken in upon a poor prisoner's soul like the swelling of Jordan. I am bank and brim full; a great high spring tide of the consolations of Christ hath overwhelmed me." — REV. JOHN ROBERTSON, in *The Quiver*.

Many of us are walking in the shadow of death; all of us know something of its gloom. To us each and all there comes the proffer of guidance and cheer from Him who has passed through a lifetime of death's shadow, and who knows what of its imaginings have any basis of reality, and what are needless fears.

"Christ leads us through no darker rooms Than He went through before."

"For we have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tried like as we are." Therefore every one of us is privileged to say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." In the deepest gloom of this valley, as we grope through it with those who are dearest to us, we can hear the ring of our Shepherd's staff, as He finds the way for us; and we can gain comfort from the touch of His rod, even while the darkness of the hour shuts Him out from our sight. — H. O. TRUMBULL, D. D., in "In Tribulation."

The religious life has not only its temptations, but those temptations are peculiarly insidious and subtle. The story of the anchorite is primarily a story of unusual solicitation to some form of evil. To get away from the interruption of work is not, alas! to follow Christ with swift and victorious feet; it is to invite the approach of the most serious spiritual perils. The desire to get beyond the reach of the calls which life makes upon men, in order that one may hear only the voice of God, often has its root in selfishness; for one may even long for fellowship with God for selfish reasons. To long to be with God because one is tired of being in the world, revolts against its demands, and resents its intrusion of its own claims, is a much lower

motive than the passion for companionship with the one perfect realization of holiness and righteousness. One may long for God for the satisfaction of his own soul, or one may long for God because he longs to yield himself utterly and finally to the will of the Infinite; and between these two kinds of longing there is a vast reach of spiritual development. The way of work is the way of discipline, training, education and growth. If one could seek God as one finds a friend, by passing through a single door, one would not know Him even in His presence; for to know God one must first learn many things. The world has always been full of men and women before whose eyes God was daily passing, but they did not see Him; Christ came, lived, spoke, and died among men, and even His own received Him not. Going to God is not traversing a certain distance in space; it is accomplishing a certain growth of the spirit. For God is never far to seek, though so many fail to find Him. — *Outlook*.

In every shadow of a sorrow
Joy shall bud and bloom;
Every yesterday and morrow
Holds both sun and gloom.

Weep awhile, but rainbows rafter
Every sky of storm;
Out of weeping trembles laughter
Ashes keep hearth-coals warm.

Hearken not alone to tolling,
Noon and roses come;
Souls that wear the night's black stole
Find white stars at home!

— LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY, in *Western Christian Advocate*.

GRANDMOTHER'S PARTY

LILLIAN GREY.

"YES, dearie, I'm 'most eighty-two-year old. Thursday'll be my birthday."

"Will you have a party, grandma?"

"Why, no, Robbie. The land! The idee of me havin' a party, old as I be."

"I had a splendid party my birthday."

"So you did, sonny, so you did. But you're a little feller, an' it seems to be the fashion to make a nice fuss over children now more'n it used to be."

"Didn't you never have no party?"

"I don't remember as I did, not special on account of a birthday."

"Too bad! And didn't you have none for your little boys when you had 'em?"

"I'm afraid not, sonny."

Grandmother Ferris was getting restless under this cross-questioning. She felt as if she had not only missed something which she ought to have had, but had also denied a right and pleasure to her own little boys she had loved so dearly. "When she had 'em," Robbie had said. How long ago it seemed since John and Rufus and Wesley had been the size of this earnest questioner!

"Ye see, dearie, we didn't ust to have things jest like they be now. We had a new place to clear an' git in shape, an' we worked hard, an' didn't buy toys an' things much, an' the boys had what fun they could as they went along. Yes, I guess they had quite good times when they was little, if they didn't have birthday parties. I know we ust to have quiltin's an' huskin'-bees and the like. Law me! don't seem so dretful long ago, after all, them times don't; but I'm pretty nigh eighty-two, an' that seems wonderful old to you, don't it?"

"Yes'm; but you're as sweet as you can be, an' I love you a great big lot! I'll bring you a splendid pear when I

come in. Hey, Rover, let's run a race."

Grandmother smiled over the words, "as sweet as you can be," and leaning back in her cushioned Boston rocker, drifted placidly into her forenoon nap.

There had been a listener to the conversation, and after dinner Mrs. Ferris followed her husband out into the yard.

"Have you got time to talk a minute?"

"Yes, two minutes possibly; but it's a busy time, you know, little woman, so save your long stories for evening."

"It won't hurt you to take a little longer nooning. Work isn't everything. And I want to talk with you a bit. It's about mother. Do you know she will be eighty-two day after tomorrow?"

"Dear old lady! she is getting along, isn't she? But so are we all. I'm nigh forty-seven, but it don't seem possible. She's a little childish, I fancy."

"Yes, some. I want to have a party for her — seven or eight old ladies, Wesley."

"I want to know! Don't you think it's rather a rush on parties? Rob's only two weeks ago, and Lucy's last May. You'll be making one for me next."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea. But this plan of mine is worth carrying out. You know since mother don't get out to church she sees very few people anywhere near her own age; and I've been counting up, and there are six within convenient distance who are able to ride here, and two or three more who will be pleased with an invitation if they do not feel equal to coming."

The farmer drummed his fingers softly on the woodpile.

"It's a busy time, Molly. You'd expect me to fetch and carry, I suppose?"

"Some of them — three or four from the village. People who have teams would gladly bring their old ladies, no doubt."

"Well, as you've apparently settled it, what do you want me to do or say?"

"Nothing, only that it's a nice thing, and you'll be glad to do what you can. I'm sure I quite anticipate my share in it, but I'm ashamed to say I didn't think of it until I heard Robbie talking about parties this morning."

"It will be a day affair, of course."

"Yes; an early dinner, and an early tea, so they will get home in good season."

"How about the invitations? They'll want a chance to adjust their minds and brush their best clothes, won't they?"

"Certainly. Lucy is going to walk to the village this afternoon and can call at five places, and you and I can drive up around the Ridge road after tea, can't we, and invite the rest?"

"You're a good planner, wife. Well, all right. I'll do all I'm told to help the good work along. Mother will be pleased, I'm sure; and she don't have very lively times, does she? Aunt Hetty used to be good company for her. Too bad they moved so far away."

The invitations were all given out before bedtime, and caused a flutter of pleasant excitement among those who received them direct. In some cases it was thought best to keep the good news

to be told in the morning, and, as Mr. Ferris had sagely predicted, the dear old souls at once began to make preparations. Auntie Morris had all her best clothes lying on her bed for the entire day which intervened, and hovered over them in such delighted expectation of wearing them once more, that her daughter reproached herself that she had not oftener had a chance for an outing.

Thursday left nothing undone in the way of perfect weather — cool, sunny, still, no dust, and no mud. Eight old ladies had been able to come to the party; they brought their caps and aprons and knitting in little handboxes. Some of them had not seen each other or Grandmother Ferris in two or three years. Each one was astonished to see how the others showed the marks of age, and later in the day decided that most of them had grown somewhat childish. Many of them had been friends from youth, had shared the joys and sorrows of active life, and had much to talk about. Some had brought little gifts to the owner of the honored birthday, who greeted every visitor with tears of joy as well as smiles, which much amazed little Rob who was watching with delighted interest every movement of the party.

A little before twelve the bountiful dinner was ready. Grandmother said a grace which was tremulous with feeling. Afterward every guest was most carefully waited on and told not to hurry; and when they finally rose from the table several declared they had not eaten so hearty or so good a meal in years. Then they took a saunter about the yard, looked at the flowers and garden, and reminded each other of long-ago gardens and flower-beds in which they had walked and worked in the pride of ownership.

But the sun was shining quite fervidly, and the old ladies were glad to come back to the shade of porch and parlor. Some were feeling the need of the usual nap, so they were shown to quiet rooms, while those who declared they would rather talk than sleep, were seen, soon after, taking a nap in their easy chairs.

Then after all were awake and together again, Lucy came in and opened the piano and played her choicest music for them. Then she drifted into old-time tunes, and as one after another began to hum the beloved words, Lucy's mother gently urged them all to sing, which called out a laughing, bashful protest; but following her strong lead the quavering old voices were soon heard. "How firm a foundation," "When I can read my title clear," and "Thus far the Lord has led me on" — these dear old hymns had never been enjoyed more in any church; and just when Lucy was turning away from the piano, the stamp of feet and thud of canes were heard on the porch, and the entrance of three old gentlemen caused a thorough sensation. One said he came because his wife was there, another because his twin-sister was a guest, but all were glad to pay their respects to the hostess and wish her many such happy returns of her birthday. They were very gallant. Rob declared afterward that grandma blushed; certainly her cheeks had a

tinge of color all that afternoon, and her eyes were so bright and her manner so alert that she seemed to be discarding some of her years instead of adding one to the number.

More music was begged for presently, and Lucy played and sang "The Old Kentucky Home," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Suwanee River," after which the old gentlemen, who declined to stay to tea, wandered away together.

Then there was a resumption of quiet talk, in which the words "Don't you remember?" and "You must recollect, my dear!" were often heard. The pieces of knitting grew very slowly, but grandmother brought out some new patchwork she was doing, and her own album with several new pictures of distant relatives. It was wonderful how fast the time went, and Mrs. Ferris was thinking of tea when she saw the pastor coming up the walk.

"Why, how nice that you happened to come!" she said, meeting him at the door.

"Thank you, but it didn't just happen. Your husband told me that you had a very select company here today, and asked me to come in a little while."

That his coming was a most welcome surprise was evident, and grandmother said there was nothing left to ask for but a few words of prayer from him before he left. So after a half-hour of pleasant chat, he knelt among them. There was nothing sombre about that prayer — no foreboding of increased infirmities and possible helplessness, no allusion to the shadowy valley and dark river not far ahead, but only thanks for past and present mercies, for the bright day, for life-long friendships, and the promise of a gathering in the "many mansions."

Then with a clasp of each aged right hand and a parting word of cheer, he went away. Somehow his heart was strangely touched; he resolved to be more attentive to the old people in his way than heretofore; and that night he wrote a letter to his own dear old grandmother which she kept by her and pored over with delight for many a day.

"I declare! it's been a visit, an' meet-in', an' party all in one, ain't it?" said one dear old soul, to which all agreed.

Then tea was ready; but there were so many kinds of birthday cake that only a little of it could be eaten, so a package of cake was done up for each one to take home, and some to be sent to the two who were so unfortunate as to be unable to come.

Mr. Ferris had not been really hindered very much in his work, but some way he could not attend to his usual employments. He pondered on his wife's words, "Work isn't everything," and as he saw the evident enjoyment and thankfulness of the guests and his old mother, he thought the time and trouble of having the birthday party had been well expended, and considered it an honor to convey the weary but happy old ladies to their village homes. Others were called for, so by sunset the last one had gone, and grandmother turned and put her arms around her son's wife lovingly.

"You're a blessed daughter to me, my dear, to give me such a pleasure! It's been wonderful, wonderful comfortin'!"

Then she smiled, and wiped her eyes,

and said good night; and Robbie said:
 "What makes grandma cry when she's
 glad?"

IN MEMORY'S GLASS

Do you remember, Love—can you forget!—
 How the sky looked when we had climbed
 the hill?
 Our horses' hoofs with glimmering dew
 were wet;
 We stood a moment still.

There was a bar of crimson in the west
 Wherein a great star palpitating hung,
 So close, so close to earth, it seemed to rest
 Our own dear haunts among.

And higher, as if shrinking from that glow
 Where yet we knew she must be drawn full
 soon,
 Reluctant in her maiden silver, lo!
 The slim and virgin moon.

And underneath those heavenly ones we saw
 The lights of home beyond the darkening
 plain;
 Fair, shining beacons, set to softly draw
 Us to themselves again.

Sweet sounds familiar filled the hour with
 peace:
 Lowing of kine, faint chirp of nested
 birds,
 Voices of children, tender minstrelsy
 That had no need for words

When mothers hushed their babes upon the
 knee;
 Somewhere a dog barked; then a silence fell,
 And we could only hear the ancient sea,
 Murmuring the ancient spell.

There at our feet it lay; and purple Night
 Clothed it with her dim broderies, and its
 breast
 Heaved with the thousand secrets none may
 write
 Save who know Sorrow best.

But you and I lightly took hands and turned
 From the unmated, sad, complaining
 strand,
 To where the fires of love and home still
 burned
 Across the shadowy land.

We had no thought to bid the moment stay,
 Because it seemed that all would follow so;
 — But I forget if it were yesterday,
 Or ages long ago!

Do you remember—O could I forget!—
 How the sky looked when we had climbed
 the hill?
 The night has long since fall'n; the star has
 set;
 But Time for me stands still.

— Scribner's Magazine.

IN THE SHADOW

Taken from Life—A Pastelle

EVA KILBRETH FOSTER.

THE heat of the July morning is oppressive. The scorching rays of the sun have pushed their way through the broken blinds of the tenement-house room and are engaged in riotous combat with one another on the surface of the haircloth sofa standing in bold relief against the harsh wall of plaster. Even the ingrain carpet, with its glaring colors, seems to emit an untimely warmth. Discomfort—harsh and pitiless discomfort—is written everywhere; and on the face of one anxious watcher in the little room more than this is written—anguish and despair both are in the eyes of this grieving mother.

But those other eyes! The eyes of the small sufferer over there (the little girl of seven) seem to see so little—nothing—of these surroundings. The "troubled waters" of this world do not hold the child's gaze. Beyond, across these waters, other shores have caught the wandering eyes, and hold them in rapt attention.

Yes, it is an ill-timed visit—this visit

of the sun today—and ill-timed, too, is the arrival of that other visitor just now blocking the door. Rent day has rolled around, making fresh drafts upon the meagre purse; but with that calmness that comes of despair the mother produces her carefully-treasured little roll of money, laid away against the coming of today.

The outside world obtrudes itself, 'tis true, upon the sacred scene, and its heart is touched—so deeply touched it is that genuine effort is put forth in the little sufferer's interest. An attempt is made to find quarters for the child among the hills and groves, or right close up to the breakers of the sea, but to more beautiful quarters than these is the little life summoned before the dawn of another month.

The broken blinds are still drawn. Upon the tenement-house door today rests the simple emblem of death. But it is not alone that this mother sits in the shadow. Sorrow has brought a new friend to her door; for while the efforts to do for her little one were unavailing, yet they helped the would-be benefactress to a higher and better self.

Thus God uses His shadows to throw into bold relief some of life's richest blessings.

Roxbury, Mass.

MELLOWING OF CHARACTER

IT takes time to ripen character. You cannot force it any more than you can force the ripening of an apple. There must be a season of growth, and then a season of mellowing—first the soft spring and summer sun and dew and rain, then the dry autumn heat and the nights of frost.

It is life, and life only, that ripens character; and it takes all of life to do it, too—the bitter and the sweet, the hard and the easy. Let us not be afraid, then, to live, however intensely! The moral coward—the man who is afraid of life, afraid of its depths and its heights, its valleys of humiliation and its peaks of vision, its significant experiences of whatever kind—is incapable of developing character. All these are the ripening experiences of the soul. We must expect them, as the apple expects the noonday blaze and the midnight frost. It is childish to shrink from the intensities of life. Why do we live, if not to meet life's requirements and bear its fruits?

It is always a sad thing to see a soul yielding and breaking under the stress of life; a soul that complains perpetually because it is afflicted; a soul that groans night and day beneath its burden; a soul that holds up despairing hands to God, and cries out that it is forespent and crushed to earth, and can strive no more. Souls are not made of such stuff as this. Souls are made to endure. Life's stress and strain are not to break them, but to strengthen them. There is not one of us who cannot endure the discipline of life, no matter how hard, if he understands what it is for, and seeks the Divine aid in bearing it. It is simply because we so often misinterpret the meaning of trial that we are so weak to bear it. Looked upon as mere aimless torment, of course there is no grace in suffering. No wonder we sink beneath the burden if we fail to see the Hand that placed it, and feel only, as we think, the grievous, purposeless weight crushing us to earth. Everything depends upon the *why*—the why of pain, the why of struggle, the why of weeping. If we could see, day by day, the mellowing process going on in our souls, how differently we should feel about these intense experiences of life! But so

many of us seem to have no conception of the real meaning of life. These vital experiences, that are meant to cut our souls so clear and fine, like the delicate tools of the sculptor, are to us but sharp misfortune. We would fain escape them; they hurt us, and we hate them. Ah! what a sad misinterpretation of the will and purpose of our Heavenly Father! We say He is hurting us, and that is all the meaning we get out of the marvelous process of soul-refining.

Bravery, moral bravery, courage under the stress of life—how sorely we all need it! Our childishness clings to us too long, with its shrinking from all that is hard and unpleasant, its petulance, its short-sightedness, its complaining. When we become men and women, are we not to put away childish things? Let us try to understand, let us try to bear, let us try to co-operate! Note the sweetness and richness and beauty of those characters that have always resigned themselves cheerfully and trustingly to God's will, and have gone on mellowing and perfecting in holiness unto the end. Such souls afford some adequate explanation of what life means, or may mean, to a true child of God. They are revelations of ourselves to ourselves; for the image unto whose likeness they have grown is a possible ideal to every one of us. — JAMES BUCKHAM, in *Christian Register*.

ABOUT WOMEN

— Miss Elizabeth H. Denio, formerly professor of art in Wellesley College, has just received the Ph. D., *multa cum laude*, of Heidelberg University. Only seven women have had this honor conferred on them.

— Miss Edith Jarnagin, a girl only twenty years old, has been made train-despatcher of the Chattanooga Southern Railroad. She has been an expert telegraph operator for five years. She is credited with a thorough knowledge of telegraphy and mathematics, with tact, quickness and strong nerves. Besides these qualifications a train-despatcher must be an animated schedule of all trains, must know all the employees of each, must be quick in deciding what can be done with moving trains, and fertile in expedients for overcoming delays and providing against accidents. Miss Jarnagin's career will be watched with interest.

— Mrs. W. P. Lowe, of Atlanta, Ga., was elected president of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Denver, and Mrs. Emma A. Fox, of Detroit, corresponding secretary. The *Union Signal* says: "The election of Mrs. William P. Lowe of Georgia to the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs is regarded as a victory not only for the non-sectional policy of that body, but also for woman's ballot. The meeting at Denver represented thirty-one States and half a million women—women of honor and influence in their respective localities, and creators of public opinion—hence the large vote polled by Mrs. Lowe is a cheering indication of the growing strength of the suffrage sentiment North and South." And the editor adds: "By the way, we would like to be able to speak and write of the new president by her own name. It is hardly in accord with the fitness of things that a 'William' anybody, even with the prefix, 'Mrs.', should preside over an organization of women. It cannot be that Mrs. Henrotin's successor intends to lead the Federation in the name of another, even though that other be her husband, and 'the best man on earth.'"

— A beautiful portrait of the late Maria Louise Pool, the gifted novelist, whose recent death at Rockland, Mass., occasioned widespread regret and sorrow, appeared as a supplement to the issue of *Literature* of June 8. From Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster's

tribute to Miss Pool in *Harper's Bazar* we quote, in part:—

"It was not as a very young woman that Miss Pool became known as a successful novelist. Born in 1841, in East Abington (now Rockland), Mass., she remained for most of her life a resident of that place. About twelve years ago she began the publication of a series of very remarkable stories of New England life and character. In her own field she was almost unrivaled. Depicting, as she usually did, New England types and studying the life of the rural regions with which she had always been familiar, she was able to show us in her books, as Miss Wilkins does, men and women whose angles have not been softened nor their individuality especially affected by social attrition. . . . As a writer of stories to be published serially, Miss Pool had few equals, for, while escaping the cheaply sensational, she knew how to manage an intricate plot, and her stories were of sustained and cumulative interest from beginning to end. In her novel, 'Against Human Nature,' she proved that she was quite at home in describing certain aspects of Southern life, and she did this as successfully as if she had been to the manner born. Her last complete work is now in hand, and will be published in the *Bazar* during 1899. 'The Meloon Farm,' on which she spent months of careful labor, is worthy to be the crowning work of Miss Pool's industrious and unobtrusive life. She belongs to the remarkable group of New England novelists in which Harriet Beecher Stowe, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Mary E. Wilkins have taken high rank. Her place as one endowed in a high degree with creative talent is not below theirs. Her death seems most untimely."

TACT IN THE SICK-ROOM

A WOMAN who was slowly recovering from a long illness dropped her head back on her pillow as a visitor left the room, and said, with a weary sigh, "Oh, why doesn't somebody write an article on things not to do in a sick-room?" So this series of "don'ts" was written.

Don't sit between the invalid and the light—from window, gas, or lamp. To do so puts the face of the visitor in darkness and irritates all the nerves, especially those of the eyes and head.

Don't sit in a rocking-chair and rock. It makes many well people nauseated to see a person swaying back and forth; to an invalid it is anguish in all ways.

Never, in a well-meant desire to help, insist upon beating up or changing pillows unless asked to do so. Pillows that look uncomfortable are very often placed exactly where an invalid wants them.

Never change the light in a room—that is, pull shades up or down.

Never take flowers that have a strong odor into the room, but select those that have the least perfume and are the brightest to look at.

Never speak of the changed looks of the patient. It is certainly not pleasant, when one is weak and ill, to be told, "Well, you look just like wax;" or "How thin you have grown." These remarks were actually made.

Never sit in such a position that an invalid will have to turn eye or head to look at you; it is most fatiguing for any one, and for a sick person it is a serious drain upon the strength.

Never speak of anything unpleasant in any way to an invalid; for there are of necessity many idle hours in a sick-room, and often many wakeful ones, and the mind dwells on all that has been said to the ears. So let it be bright and cheerful and amusing.

Above all, never sit on the bed, or stay above fifteen minutes at the outside, in the room of any person just recovering from an illness.

Do not mention exciting subjects in conversation, even if not unpleasant.

Never ask an invalid, "Shall I make such and such a thing for you to eat or to drink?" Make it, and send it without asking. Half the battle is won with a delicate and capricious appetite if it is given a surprise. Besides, if the invalid does not like it, it can be

let alone, and it is difficult to decline gracefully a well-meant offer of some detested viand.

But first, last, forever, and all the time, remember not to stay too long when making your call.

People who are well and strong mean very kindly actions very often, and do agonizing ones, because they personally do not know what it is to be ill and a bundle of nerves, each one having an end on the outside. It is for such well people that this advice is written.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A SONG FOR OUR FLAG

A bit of color against the blue:
Hues of the morning; blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star,
Under its folds wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground.

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the school-house peak, and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that aye shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white, and blue is over us all?
Don't you pray, amid starting tears,
It may never be furled through age-long years?

A song for our flag, our country's boast,
That gathers beneath it a mighty host,
Long may it wave o'er the goodly land
We hold in fee 'neath our Father's hand!
For God and liberty evermore
May that banner stand from shore to shore,
Never to those high meanings lost,
Never with alien standards crossed,
But always valiant, and pure, and true,
Our starry flag, red, white, and blue.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Wellspring*.

COME YE APART AND REST AWHILE

IT is the high-tide of the year. The sun is golden on the hillside, the shadows rich and deep in the woodland. The breeze, bland as a baby's smile, brings the scent of hayfields and locust blooms. Not yet is seen even a yellow leaf to hint of coming change. Earth revels in the complete fullness of foliage and bloom.

And yet, behind her are icy tempests, and howling winds, and bare, frost-locked boughs; and before her are the blinding, scorching heats of August, when the meadows will lie helpless and panting under burning rays of the sun that drink up the dews and burn and quiver deep in her parched bosom. But today are neither cruel ice-storms nor parching drouth; we drink in the sweet wine of life and gather strength for the testing days to come.

Life has its June days. Both bitter winds and parching heats are sent by a Father's hand and are needful to the perfecting of the autumn fruits. But there will come some time a cessation of storms—a waiting before the fiery trials—when the Holy Spirit whispers: "Come ye apart and rest awhile." Days when the helmet is unbraced and the armor laid by; when it is enough "not to be doing, but to be."

But these are not simply the days of idle waiting. In the stillness come blessed voices that cheer and uplift—voices that we could not hear in the tumult and strife of busy days. A thousand sweet influences steal into the waiting soul, and it has time to whisper to itself the thought, "Best of all is, God is with us."

"Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

Tomorrow we will give, think, act; today let us thank God and take—courage.—*Deaconess Advocate*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

MILDRED'S CUPS OF COLD WATER

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

MILDRED sat under the shadiest tree she could find that was near the pump. The shade and the pump were both indispensable, it was such a sizzling hot day. The sun had baked all Mildred's mud-pies "to a turn," and they stood in little uneven rows, parched and browned and crisp, waiting to be eaten!

"Oh! deary me, how hot it is!" sighed Mildred, trying to cool her warm little face on the soft grass; but even the grass under the shady tree was hot.

"But I'm glad I'm me instead of a horse," mused on the little voice, while Mildred watched a wagon come toiling up the little hill toward her.

"That's Mr. Cooper's horse, an' I guess he's most melted the way he looks. He's all covered over with soapsuds. I'm glad he isn't me."

The poor horse toiled on with drooping head and steaming sides. When he got to Mildred's pump he stopped wistfully, but the trough was empty.

"G'lang, Dobbin, you can't have any," Mr. Cooper called, crossly. "I'm too wore out to get out o' this wagon again, to say nothin' of pumpin' a mess o' water. You've got to wait—g'lang!"

"Yes, oh, do wait!" cried Mildred, jumping up suddenly. For Dobbin had looked down at her with pleading eyes; and, then, s'posing she'd been Dobbin!

"I can uncheck him. I'll stand up on the edge o' the trough," she said, cheerfully. "And I'll pump. He looks so thirsty!"

Every time the pump handle went up Mildred went up too, and then came down again on the wooden platform with steady little thuds. She could get more water that way.

And so Dobbin had his long cool drink and actually went off at a brisk little trot.

After that a good many other panting horses came plodding by with wistful side-glances toward the pump, and Mildred's clear, pleasant little voice offered them all a drink. People rarely stopped at Mildred's pump. It wasn't a public watering-place and the trough was small and usually empty, and perhaps people had found out how hard the pump-handle worked up and down.

It was hot, hard work. Mildred's face got very red and wet, and her feet ached with the thuds on the platform, and her arms—oh, deary me, how they ached with the pump-handle!

Between times she rested under the shady tree, feeling so thankful in her heart that she wasn't a horse!

Aunt Winnie watched her from her invalid chair in the window.

"Girlie," she said, softly, when Mildred went in at supper-time, "do you know what you've been doing?"

"Yes'm, resting—and pumping," Mildred said promptly.

"And giving a 'cup'—a great many beautiful, kind cups—of 'cold water,' dear," Aunt Winnie added, with a hug.

Kent's Hill, Me.

OUR BOOK TABLE

A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible. By D. W. Faunce, D. D. American Baptist Publication Society: Philadelphia. Price, \$1.

This new edition of this book will receive a glad welcome. Its value was tested by practical trial in the ministry, so to speak, before it was made. The author, like many a busy pastor in our cities really in touch with his constituency, discovered that he had among his people a considerable element that had come to doubt the truth of what is known as the fundamental tenets of Christendom. Asking these young people to meet him, and taking them into his confidence, he invited them to open their hearts to him. In response, they revealed to him all their doubts. With such practical information he began the preparation of a series of addresses to meet and overcome their skepticism. This book, with some chapters enlarged and revised to meet a later need, contains the lectures which were so helpful. Many of our ministers would find the volume very suggestive.

The Sacred Laws of the Aryas. As Taught in the Schools of Apastamba, Gautama, Vasishttha and Baudhayana. Translated by Georg Bühler. The Christian Literature Co.: New York.

This is the second volume in the American edition of "The Sacred Books of the East," by various Oriental scholars, and edited by the Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller. The name of the eminent professor, Max Müller, endows these translations with peculiar value to the student of Oriental languages and ethics. It was Professor Müller who, through the discovery of aphorisms on the sacred law of the Aryan Hindus, was enabled to set aside a false theory regarding Hindu society. The Hindu was supposed to be governed by the codes of ancient sages, precepts which bound him inexorably and strictly regulated his station and the smallest act of his daily life. Professor Müller proved that it was the teaching of the Vedic schools which constituted the sacred law. The work before us contains a large collection of these Hindu laws of special interest and value to the student of Sanskrit philology and Indian history. Copious notes add to the intrinsic worth of the volume.

Senorita Montemar. By Archer P. Crouch, Author of "Captain Enderls," "On a Surfboard Coast," etc. Harper & Bros.: New York and London.

The coast of the southern Pacific from Caliao to Valdivia is the scene of this stirring romance. The story is laid in the early part of this century when Chile fought for and won her battle of independence. The enemy was the Spaniard then as with Cuba, and in some respects the parallel is drawn in the mind of the reader between that time and the events of the present day in the West Indies. Captain Wildash, an English volunteer, is the hero. The writer introduces a panorama of adventure by sea and land, "hold-ups," naval fights, the daring storming of a castle, the rescue of a persecuted Spanish maid, her conversion to the patriot cause, and marriage to the hero. The story is strongly written, timely and purposeful, breathing irrepressibly the contagion of liberty.

The Whirlpool. By George Gissing, Author of "The Unclassed," etc. Frederick A. Stokes Co.: New York.

The current of this almost endless story sweeps along in a way not at variance with the title. The characters are well drawn, and the drama, never rising to the point of sensationalism, is strong and powerful.

Collections and Recollections. By One Who has Kept a Diary. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$2.50.

This is a collection of reminiscences of society and public men in England during the last seventy-five years, written by one whose observation and experience seem to have peculiarly fitted him for the compilation of

such a volume. It may be regarded as an addition to the anecdotal literature of the Victorian era, supplementing the work already done by Greville and Sir William Lennox. The opening chapters contain character studies of eminent Englishmen, pointed by an unfailing supply of illustrative anecdote. The celebrities thus treated are Lord Houghton, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Russell, Cardinal Newman, and Lord Shaftesbury. The scope of "Collections and Recollections" is beyond that of a mere volume of gossip and reminiscence. Under the headings, "Social Equalization," "Religion and Morality," "Social Amelioration," "Politics," and "The Evangelical Influence," the author analyzes the tendencies of English society at the beginning of the century, the social effects of the French Revolution, and Pitt's democratization of the peerage, and discusses the awakening of the British conscience and the reviving seriousness of the upper classes which followed the coronation of Queen Victoria. More than half of the work is devoted to miscellaneous anecdote and reminiscence, classified under such titles as "Repertee," "Flatterers and Bored," "Conversation," "Parodies," "Letter-writing," and "Verbal Infelicities."

St. Luke and St. Paul. The Modern Reader's Bible. Edited, with an introduction and Notes, in Two Volumes. By Richard G. Moulton, M. A., Ph. D. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents each.

The present number of the Modern Reader's Bible (two volumes) contains the narrative of St. Luke's Gospel continued in the Acts of the Apostles, with the addition of St. Paul's Epistles. These last are not made a separate work, but each epistle is inserted at its proper place in the historical narrative. The notes and explanations by the author are particularly lucid and valuable.

Stepping Stones to Literature. A Reader for Higher Grades. By Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles E. Gilloert. Silver, Burdett & Co.: Boston.

This is another in that excellent series of readers which we have already highly commended.

Moriah's Mourning. By Ruth McEnery Stuart, Author of "In Simpskinsville," "A Golden Wedding," etc. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.25.

This is a collection of thirteen short sketches, most of which have already appeared in the Editor's Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*. Their purpose is to amuse and entertain through the medium of light and humorous character drawing, principally of types encountered in modern plantation life in the South. Most of the stories are cast in the dialect form, though this is not invariably adopted. The last sketch of the book, "A Minor Chord," supplies a note of pathos, contrasting with the tone of comedy prevailing through the preceding pages. Several of the stories deal with different types of the Negro preacher, and the humors of Southern life have a realistic flavor, due to careful observance of dialect and detail.

Gospel Hosannas. Compiled by John R. Sweney and J. Howard Entwistle. John J. Hood: 1024 Arch St., Philadelphia. Price, 20 cents.

A choice collection of hymns and tunes for use in evangelistic, brotherhood, and mission meetings, Sunday-schools, etc.

The Chorus of Praise. Edited by James M. Black. Eaton & Mains: New York. Curtis & Jennings: Chicago. Price, 20 cents.

This song book is especially compiled for use in Sunday-schools, young people's meetings, revivals, prayer-meetings, and all the social services of the church. It contains a number of fine new songs as well as many of the best standard hymns of the church.

Massachusetts Year Book, and City and Town Register. June 1, 1898—June 1, 1899. Compiled under the Direction of Hon. Alfred S. Roe. F. S. Blanchard & Company: Worcester. Price, \$1.75.

This Year Book for 1898 is forty-eight pages larger than last year, and is improved in every way. It contains a complete list of the cities and towns of the State, their of-

ficers, population, valuation, debt, tax rate, election returns; national and State governments; courts, banks, insurance companies, railroads, newspapers, professional directory, and general statistics relating to the Commonwealth. Indeed, it is the business or professional man's indispensable cyclopædia for answering the questions that so often arise concerning Massachusetts.

How to Get On. By Benjamin B. Comegys, author of "Talks with Boys and Girls," "Beginning Life," etc. Rice & Hirst: Philadelphia.

Several sermonettes for boys are brought together in a pamphlet for distribution. Especially useful for Bible class gifts.

Her Twenty Heathen: and Other Missionary Stories. By Mary E. Bamford. The Pilgrim Press: Chicago & Boston. Price, 25 cents.

A series of short stories having to do with the motives of giving. A keen knowledge of human nature is evidenced by the author, who teaches the lesson of generosity tactfully and effectively.

Crossing the Bar. By Alfred Tennyson. E. R. Herrick & Company: New York.

This prettily bound brochette is finely embellished with decorative designs by Blanche M. McManus, making an attractive and inexpensive edition of the great poem.

Life Truths. By J. Denham Smith. Rice & Hirst: Philadelphia.

A little paper-bound book of seven discourses, designed to bring a clearer conception of Christianity and its complete requirements.

Magazines

—The *Methodist Review* for July-August is an average number. "Spain and Modern Civilization," by P. H. Swift, D. D., will be read because of its timeliness. "The New Old Testament," by Prof. H. G. Mitchell, in which he presents the views of the Old Testament held by devout modern critics, is likely to occasion considerable protest from the conservative wing of Bible students. Dr. J. F. Chaffee's contribution upon "The Significance of Current Religious Unrest," shows that the writer has a strong grasp upon the religious problems of the hour. Dr. Chaffee thinks clearly and lucidly. Rev. J. I. Bartholomew presents a well-written paper upon "The Theistic Value of Bowne's Idealism." The several editorial departments are well sustained. (Eaton & Mains: New York.)

—It is fitting that Justin McCarthy's contribution upon "William Ewart Gladstone" should be given the leading place in the *Forum* for July. It is a comprehensive tribute to the great Englishman, justified by the presentation of this unique man in



"Back
it Goes"

I am emphatic in my orders
to my grocer for *Cleveland's*
baking powder. If he sends
anything else but *Cleveland's*
back it goes, and he knows it.

Mrs. L. C. P.

Right.—Grocers make a fair
profit on *Cleveland's* baking
powder; if they urge something
else, they want more than a fair
profit at your expense.

his many-sidedness. Other important contributions are: "The Philippine Islands," and "The People of Hawaii." Hon. S. J. Barrows, M. C., writes in characteristic vein upon "The Ethics of Modern Warfare." (The Forum Publishing Co.: New York.)

— The July *Chautauquan* presents a portrait of William Ewart Gladstone as a frontispiece. Under "General Reading" there is a decided war flavor about many of the contributions, such as, "The Management of the War with Spain," "The Price Spain has Paid for Cuba," "Cuban Settlers in America," "The Philippine Islands," "The Wives of Prominent Generals," "Naval Accidents." There are other papers of interest, with a full department of "History as It is Made," and notes upon "Summer Assemblies and C. L. S. C. Work." (Dr. Theodore L. Flood: Meadville, Pa.)

— The first of a valuable and very timely series of contributions upon "The Evolution of the Colonies," by James Collier, appears as the leading paper in the July number of *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly*. The instalment in this issue is upon "The Genesis of Colonies." There is a very interesting paper upon "Weather Forecasts," fully illustrated. "The Question of Wheat" (III) deals with "Russia," and presents this subject in its vital but unappreciated importance. "The Psychological Cause of Laughter" is a curious and suggestive paper. (D. Appleton & Company: New York.)

— The *Homiletic Monthly* for July contains much that is very suggestive to the preacher. Cunningham Geikie, who always writes well, has a valuable paper upon "The Preacher in his Study." Rev. A. L. Phillips, D. D., writes upon "The Development of the Negro Ministry." Dr. Hillis' sermon upon "Frances Willard" appears in this number. The "Seed Thought" and "Pastoral" sections are full and valuable. (Funk & Wagnalls: New York.)

— The *Treasury* for July contains a very interesting contribution from Dr. David Gregg, which is profusely illustrated, upon "New Epistles from Old Lands." In this paper Dr. Gregg describes some of the things that he saw upon a recent trip in Palestine. President C. C. Hall's address upon "The Seminary and the Ministry," delivered to the alumni of Union Theological Seminary, appears in this number. There is much more of excellent sermonical material. (E. B. Treat & Co.: New York.)

THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL

BYRON writes of a certain sacred poet that he

"Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch."

The modern novelist also makes his raids on the New Testament. Here he finds plots and characters ready made. And the curious result is that many of the clergy applaud the process, while the ordinary man of letters is aghast at what he thinks the irreverence and bad taste. I have arrived at a theory of these things by aid of deep reflection, and am prepared to explain why a large portion of the public love novels on sacred subjects, and why many of the clergy confer their benediction on these romances. This hypothesis we can illustrate from the recent novel of M. Sienkiewicz, that really powerful and original writer.

The popularity of "Quo Vadis" — in America — what does it mean? What is the significance of this unwieldy success, which follows the fairy feet of "Tribly"? The fact seems to be that Early Christian novels have always an attraction for what we may call intellectual middle classes. That they are interested in Early Christianity is much to their credit. But that they should prefer to

see the most momentous and sacred events through the spectacles of M. Sienkiewicz, or Miss Corelli, or the author of "Ben Hur" (which sounds like the name of a mountain in the Highlands), is certainly curious. We have the Gospels, and the authors of the Gospels, even on the newest and most insane system of criticism, were a good deal nearer the events than Miss Corelli and the other novelists. There is also a large body of instructive commentary, but you do not find the public besieging the libraries for that.

The extraordinary thing is that not only the public but *les raffines* are addicted to Early Christian romance. Nobody could be more contemptuous than Lockhart, more dainty and exclusive, intellectually, than Mr. Pater, more remote from the most modern commonplace than Lord Lytton. Yet all these tried their hands at Early Christian romances. To be sure, none of them brought in what the more popular authors do bring in. Lord Lytton came no nearer than the son of the widow of Nain. Mr. Pater was chiefly interested in his hero, whom we fondly expected to make love to Messalina, but who was not half an Epicurean. Lytton's novel was the best of the three; I confess to a partiality for Arbaces, and the gladiators were fine fellows. "The Gladiators" — surely Whyte Melville must be added to the list of Early Christian novelists — while "Hypatia" is rather remote from Jerusalem.

All these novels are rather pedantic. One cannot really be interested in balnea, and vomitoria, and atria, and impluvia, and "The Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," when done into fiction. I have only read the the Early Christian romances, Lytton's, Lockhart's, and "Marius the Epicurean," but I always know what is coming. There is always a Briton, enslaved and virtuous. There is always a nice, good Christian girl, with a Roman "District." There is always a luxurious Roman, "a-winking at her with his wicked old eye." There is always a Christian *père noble* who goes to the lions with dignity. There is always a gladiatorial set-to, and Nero, with his emerald eye-glass, and the Catacombs. The noble Briton, after performing prodigies of valor, is usually converted, and marries the pleasing Early Christian girl. There is commonly a Greek philosopher, a parasite and a minor poet. Now, except for the opportunities of torturing people, and lighting temples with live torches, and describing *l'orgie chevelée*, and sailing near the wind about Petronius Arbiter, these are not good materials. Atria, vomitoria, the baths, the retiarius are now pretty bare. Dean Farrar has done them, or some of them. Everybody has done them. The local colors have been used again and again. This is so evident that nobody could hope for a "boom" with an archaeological novel on pre-Christian Rome. Catiline is a fine blackguard, but he no longer abuses our patience. The flirtations of Ovid and Julia would not win the American reader. The affair of the Bacchic Mysteries is scandalous, but the scandal is too old. These themes are improper; propriety is saved by bringing in Early Christians, as a contrast to the delightful naughtiness of Rome.

What really does take the public's fancy in "Quo Vadis" and "Barabbas" and the rest is the element of the interviewer. Mark Twain "wrote up" his murder of Cæsar in the style of the American penny-a-liner, and probably he was more read than Shakespeare's play on the same topic. There was an air of familiarity, of the contemporary, in Mark Twain's account of that pedantic crime. Not every one has read the Gospels, but every one has read of the principal actors. Just as the public does not read books (except a few novels), but likes to read about the authors of the books "at home," so it likes to read a lively sketch of an Apostle at home. Peter's

wife's mother would make good "copy," also the treatment of Peter's wife by the local medical man. A demoniac at home is thrilling, and to know what kind of clothes Pontius Pilate wore is a separate ecstasy. Paul's own hired house, the rent he paid, his modest furniture, his library, the fair Thecla (ah, there is a theme for a problem novel!), a dinner at Paul's (details out of cribs to Horace or Juvenal), Peter dropping in to see Paul, an altercation with Simon Magus — this kind of *rapprochement* just suits the public. These things are, indeed, interviews with celebrities. How much further the popular novelist dares to go I confess that I am not anxious to inquire. Judas I have met (in an American novel); he was fond of Mary Magdalene, who had tortoise-shell colored eyes. Judas was represented as "coming in, more volcanic than ever," for his flame was not crowned. To like to read such stuff proves a lack of humor, of imagination, and, one would say, of reverence; but many of the clergy seem of a different opinion, and it is their business. Perhaps we should look at these books as analogous to the old Miracle Plays, and as proof that the public, though familiar, is not contemptuous, but *bien pensant*. Perhaps they "do good." This, I think, is why so many of the clergy approve of Early Christian novels. They exactly answer in our day, and granting our social conditions to the old dramas in which Biblical history was acted in Miracle and Mystery plays, they fill up the space which the imagination leaves vacant, and show the characters in real dresses and properties. Meanwhile, the critic's sense of propriety is offended, though no harm is meant, and probably no harm is done. — ANDREW LANG, in *Longman's Magazine*.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson

SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1898.

1 KINGS 21: 4-16.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.* — Exod. 20: 17.

2. DATE: B. C. 900, or 858 (revised chronology).

3. PLACES: Jezreel and Samaria, the capitals of Israel.

4. HOME READINGS: Monday—1 Kings 21: 1-6. Tuesday—1 Kings 21: 7-16. Wednesday—Lev. 25: 18-28. Thursday—Eccles. 2: 1-11. Friday—Micah 2: 1-10. Saturday—Josh. 7: 10-13; 19-26. Sunday—Luke 12: 13-21.

II Introductory

For a time Elijah disappears from the history. Occupied with his Syrian wars, Ahab had probably forgotten him. Very likely they would never again have met, had not Ahab, by a deed of shameful iniquity, provoked God's wrath, and sealed the fate of his dynasty. Adjoining the king's palace grounds on the eastern slope of the hill of Jezreel, was a vineyard owned by one Naboth. On this tempting piece of ground Ahab cast covetous eyes. It was in just the right spot for a garden of herbs, or flowers. Its possession would make the royal domain complete. But, on being interrogated, Naboth, with a blunt indignation of speech very unpalatable to Ahab, refused to part with his patrimony on any terms. He would neither sell it, nor exchange it for a better vineyard elsewhere; and he gave additional force to his refusal by making it religious: "Jehovah forbid, that I should give to thee the inheritance of my fathers." It was useless to argue farther. The rights of an Israelite land-owner were not to be invaded.

But, instead of taking his disappointment in a manly way, Ahab, "with the petulance of a despot crossed in his will," returned to Samaria "heavy and displeased." He flung himself on his couch, turned his face to the wall and refused to eat. His wife Jezebel came to him. Had she been anything but his evil genius, she would have soothed him and rescued him from his sulky discontent and turned his mind to better thoughts; or she would have congratulated him on having so faithful a subject, and expostulated with him on giving way to such weakness; but no such feelings as these dwelt in the heart of the fierce, unscrupulous queen. She took pride in herself as she looked down on her weak-willed husband. With words of biting scorn she derided his kingly prerogative, which dared not make a law for itself. "It is the same contrast—true to nature—that we know so well in Ægisthus and Olytemnestra, in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, where the feebleness of resolution of the man has been urged to the last crime by the bolder and more relentless spirit of the woman." He wanted Naboth's vineyard?—he should have it. She would give it to him. With her own hand she wrote the despatch to the elders of Jezreel in the king's name,

and sealed it with his signet. She commanded them to proclaim a fast, and on the charge of blasphemy against God and the king, and by the testimony of two false witnesses of their own suborning, put Naboth and his sons to death "in the name of religion and loyalty."

The compliant rulers carried out her infamous order. Naboth and his sons were stoned, and their death duly reported to Jezebel. Ahab was notified that the only obstacle to the coveted possession had been put out of the way, and listened to his wife's call to rise and go to Jezreel. But on arriving there he was confronted by the figure of the stern Gileadite who had before crossed his path. Whatever joy he may have felt in calling the vineyard his, was quickly dashed by the appalling words which fell from Elijah's lips. The scene of his last crime would be the scene of its sure retribution: "In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." Nor was the doom to be confined to himself; it was to include his wicked wife and house. The dogs would eat Jezebel beneath the walls of Jezreel, and the dynasty of Ahab should be exterminated and their flesh given to dogs and vultures. Ahab's contrition postponed the execution of this dreadful sentence, but did not avert it.

III Expository

4. Ahab came into his house—his palace at Samaria. Heavy and displeased. — The same expression is used of him on a former occasion, when the prophet rebuked him for sparing Benhadad (20: 43). A sullen displeasure seems to have been characteristic of Ahab when thwarted in his purposes. Because of the word which Naboth . . . had spoken. — Naboth owned a vineyard adjoining the king's palace in Jezreel. Ahab coveted this vineyard in order to make of it "a garden of herbs," and offered to pay handsomely for it either in money or in land elsewhere. The proprietor refused to part with it. I will not give thee, etc. — Naboth had said, "Jehovah forbid that I should give thee," etc. The very words of his refusal showed his reverence for Jehovah and consequent hatred of Baal, and embodied, moreover, a religious scruple which made them especially distasteful to Ahab—that his patrimony could not, in accordance with the law of Moses, be alienated. Laid him down upon his bed—or couch; showing his petulant discontent in a truly Oriental fashion. Turned away his face—rejecting all conversation or intercourse. Would eat no bread—refusing his usual food, making his absence from the table conspicuous. Ahab had recently shown himself a great warrior; now he shows himself a contemptible weakling.

So Homer describes the Greek heroes: They cry like children when in trouble; they rend their garments, and roll themselves in the dust in a way that we would deem utterly extravagant (Taylor Lewis).

5-7. Jezebel came to him—in "the pride of conscious superiority to the weaknesses of her husband" (Stanley). She inquired into the cause of his sadness, and he tells her, dwelling upon the fairness of his proposal to Naboth to purchase the vineyard or barter for it, and the laconic curtness with which his offer had been rejected. Dost thou now govern the kingdom?—a taunting question. You call yourself a king, do you? Arise, eat bread . . . be merry—have done with your sulks! I will give you the vineyard. I, a woman, will dare what you, a man, will not dare, and take what you,

a man, have not the courage to take. Rawlinson cites Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare: "Infirm of purpose, give me the dagger!"

The scene, however, in Ahab's house suddenly changed. On that terrific woman Jezebel, who so much resembles the Olytemnestra of Æschylus, as the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare, comes upon the stage. He is like wax in her hands, but none the less guilty on that account. His apparent virtue and moderation were simply cowardice; she gives him nerve and courage for the accomplishment of a purpose to which, before, his spirit was unequal (Taylor Lewis).

8. She wrote letters in Ahab's name. — He must have known what she was about. He must have suspected that she was relentlessly plotting what he dared not plot—the murder of the man who had thwarted his covetous desire. Sealed them with his seal. — Even though ignorant of the precise contents of the despatch, this permission to use his signet authenticated whatever was written, and made Ahab fully as responsible as Jezebel, if not more so. Unto the elders and the nobles—who constituted the tribunal of the city (Deut. 16: 18), "judges and officers to judge the people." In his city—Jezreel.

The seal is a very ancient invention. Judah's signet is mentioned in Gen. 38: 18. Signets of Egyptian kings have been found which are referred to about B. C. 2000. A cylinder seal of a Chaldean king, now in the British Museum, has probably about the same antiquity. Sennacherib's signet and an impression of Sargon's are still extant (Rawlinson).

9, 10. Proclaim a fast. — Notice that throughout all this plot the idolatrous Jezebel adheres strictly to the Mosaic requirements. Evidently she was familiar with God's holy law, even to its minutest details. She would give the impression, by having a fast proclaimed, that some grievous sin had been committed which was about to call down the Divine vengeance. Set Naboth on high—bring him before the people as the accused; but Josephus says that Naboth was "set on high" in the sense of being made president of the assembly by virtue of his high position. Two men, sons of Beilal. — The law required that two witnesses, at least, should appear against a man, and these two perjurers the elders were required to find. "Sons of Beilal," in the Old Testament, are simply "worthless," "lawless" fellows, Beilal not being strictly a proper name, except in the New Testament where it is a name for Satan. Thou dost blaspheme (R. V., "curse") God and the king—a double, a capital crime. It may be possible that Naboth, in his indignation against Ahab's idolatry and covetousness, had let fall some hasty word which might have been construed into "blasphemy," or "revilement" of the king, but there is not the slightest ground for believing that he had blasphemed Jehovah; rather, it would appear that he was a firm supporter of His law and worship. The word "blaspheme" has another and shortened form—our familiar word "blame." In Hebrew the word means either to bless or to curse. "Analogy in the Semitic dialects admits of directly opposite meanings in a word" (Terry). Carry him out and stone him. — Everything was to be done in strict legal order: he could not be slain within the city, but must be carried forth outside the walls; and the prescribed form of death—by stoning—must be visited upon him. That he may die. — From 2 Kings 9: 26 it appears that Naboth's sons shared his unjust fate. Thus all the heirs-at-law having been put out of the way, the property would revert to the crown.

Had she sent witnesses to inform against him, the judges might have been imposed upon, and their sentence had been rather their unhappiness than their crime; but to oblige them to find the witnesses, "sons of Beilal," to suborn them themselves, and then to give judgment upon a testimony which they knew to be false, was such an impudent defiance to everything that is just and sacred, as, we hope, cannot be paralleled in any story (Heary).

11-14. Elders and nobles . . . did as Jezebel had sent. — Perhaps they dared not re-

slat a will so imperious as Jezebel's, for they must have recognized her hand in the message, and it is certain they reported the consummation of their villainy not to Ahab, but to her (verse 14). Perhaps they owed their petty elevation to her influence, and felt under obligation to please her. Perhaps they were partakers in her idolatrous rites, and disliked Naboth for his stubborn adherence to the old faith. But whatever motives governed them, the black fact remains that they complied with a royal order to murder an innocent family. Stoned him. — Lev. 24: 16; Exod. 22: 28. Says Geikie: To add iniquity to the murders of Naboth and his sons, the mangled bodies were left unburied, the greatest insult that could be paid to the dead. Worse still, the prowling dogs and swine of the town (2 Kings 9: 26) were allowed to devour them; and it was noticed that the blood ran into a tank at hand, which was the common bathing-place of the prostitutes of the temple of Baal."

15, 16. Naboth is not alive, but dead. — She does not announce that he has been stoned; simply that he is no longer alive to refuse the sale of the vineyard. Ahab can have it now for nothing. When Ahab heard. — According to the Authorized Version, Ahab makes no inquiries, evinces no compunction; according to Josephus, "he sprang up from his bed with delight;" but in the fuller account given in the Septuagint, Ahab's first feeling was one of remorse: "When he heard that Naboth was dead, he rent his clothes and put on sackcloth." Still, this feeling, if entertained, was a transient one. Rose up. — Apparently he had kept up his gloomy seclusion and ill-temper until assured that the obstacle to the accomplishment of his desire was removed. To go down . . . to take possession. — Jezreel lay below the hill on which Samaria was built. Ahab drove down in his chariot, attended by two of his officers (2 Kings 9: 25), Bidkar and Jehu — the latter destined to play an important role in the history of the kingdom.

Years afterward, long after Ahab and Elijah had gone to their account, two of that same group found themselves once again on that same spot; and a king, the son of Ahab, lay dead at their feet; and Jehu turned to Bidkar and said, "Remember how that thou and I rode behind Ahab his father, when the Lord laid this burden upon him. Surely yesternight I saw the blood of Naboth and the blood of his sons, saith Jehovah, and I will requite thee in this plat saith Jehovah" (2 Kings 9: 26, 26) (Stanley).

IV Inferential

1. The Tenth Commandment should never be forgotten. Covetousness has inspired some of the basest crimes which have disgraced humanity.

2. We should instantly expel the first uprising of guilty desire; if harbored, it breeds discontent, and leads the soul downward, step by step, to ruin.

3. The rights of the humblest subject are as sacred as those of the mightiest king.

4. A wife may be either a helpmeet or a temptress.

5. How many crimes have been committed in the name of religion.

6. God holds us accountable for the wickedness we would commit if we dared.

7. To accept the fruits of crime is to become a partaker in it.

V Illustrative

In the reign of Frederick, King of Prussia, there was a mill near Potsdam which interfered with a view from the windows of Sans Souci. Annoyed by this inconvenience to his favorite residence, the king sent to inquire the price for which the mill would be sold by its owner. "For no price," was the reply of the sturdy Prussian; and, in a moment of anger, Frederick gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. "The king may do this," said the miller, quietly folding his

arms, "but there are laws in Prussia;" and forthwith he commenced proceedings against the monarch, the result of which was that the court sentenced Frederick to rebuild the mill, and to pay besides a large sum of money as compensation for the injury which he had done. The king was mortified, but had the magnanimity to say, addressing himself to his courtiers, "I am glad to find that just laws and upright judges exist in my kingdom." A few years ago the head of the honest miller's family, who had in due course of time succeeded to the estate, finding himself on the verge of financial ruin by a long struggle with the losses occasioned by war, wrote to the then king of Prussia, reminding him of the refusal experienced by Frederick the Great at the hands of his ancestors, and stating that if his majesty entertained a similar desire to obtain possession of the property, it would be very agreeable to him, in his present embarrassed circumstances, to sell the mill. The king immediately wrote with his own hand the following reply: "My Dear Neighbor — I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must remain in your possession as long as one member of your family survives, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to hear that you are in circumstances of embarrassment, and therefore send you six thousand dollars to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this sum will be sufficient for the purpose. Consider me always your affectionate neighbor. FREDERICK WILLIAM" (Biblical Museum).

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath;
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path;
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehova of the Thunders,
Lord, God of Battles, aid! . . .

From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein —
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving,
To taste Thy lesser death!

E'en now their vanguard gathers;
E'en now we face the fray —
As Thou didst help our fathers
Help Thou our host today!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear —
Jehova of the Thunders,
Lord, God of Battles, hear!

— Rudyard Kipling.

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THE CONFERENCES

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Concord, Baker Memorial.—Everybody is happy here. The work of Rev. W. H. Hutchin is very much enjoyed. Their only struggle is the shortage in their collections that is brought over, and must be met out of the offerings of the present year. This will add over \$550 to their budget, but they will courageously go at it and without doubt pay it all. They have just lost valuable helpers in Mr. F. P. Kellom and family, who are to move to Winchester, N. H. Mr. K. has been for some time National Bank examiner, and now goes to be the cashier of the National Bank of Winchester. What this church loses, we expect our society at Winchester will gain. On the eve of their departure the people gave them a very delightful reception, with several beautiful presents.

Concord, First Church.—We regret to say that Rev. E. Snow still remains very poorly. He has not preached since the second Sunday of May, and the quarterly conference has now given him the months of July and August, hoping that by September he may be able for duty. His cough is very wearing, and he has but little strength. He will spend most of the time away from the city. The presiding elder will care for the pulpit during his absence. Notwithstanding his inability to work, the congregations remain very good, and the social meetings are well attended. One was converted a few evenings ago. The first Sunday in July the pastor was present and received six into full connection. While there have been some losses from the congregation within a few weeks, the treasurer reports that it takes about \$100 out of their receipts. This will be met by the people without any special difficulty.

Penacook.—At the July communion the pastor baptized several and received 12 into full membership and 1 on probation. This church has one of the best class-leaders in the Conference, a man who always appears with a written report. You cannot put him at the *Foot* of the list. Rev. G. W. Farmer takes his vacation in the north country, going July 25.

Personal.—By the generosity of a friend, Rev. W. T. Carter was enabled to attend the Epworth League convention at Bangor, with all his expenses paid. The Scripture says: "Thou shalt not covet;" so we don't. We are glad for our brother.

South Tamworth.—Rev. Dana Cotton finds his third year here very pleasant, though both he and the people expected a move. They have let the contracts for the work to be done on the inside of the church. When complete, it will be very pretty.

Sandwich.—All the people are pleased with the labors of Rev. W. M. Cleveland. His sermons and public efforts of an educational and patriotic character are very much appreciated. He has formed a union church at *East Sandwich*, where he preaches each Sunday afternoon.

Moultonboro.—The pastor here, Rev. H. F. Quimby, has taken an early vacation that he may be in his pulpit during the time of the summer visitors. He is in the field pushing his work all energy.

That Missionary Debt.—Several have responded lately. Let every pastor plan to do something, that our full apportionment may be met. We must not be behind.

Littleton.—The pastorate of Rev. T. Whiteside opens with good hopes of success. His pulpit ministrations are very much enjoyed. He hears nothing but good words of his predecessor, Rev. C. M. Howard. All the people feel badly that he is laid aside for a time, and hope that his recovery will be speedy, for Haverhill Street loses much by his absence. His father, Rev. M. Howard, is taking his place for the present.

Colebrook Camp-meeting was held July 4-9. The weather was beautiful; congregations not large; preaching excellent; the spirit of the meetings very good. They are trying the times and the seasons to know which is best, so next year they expect to open the meeting June 28. We doubt the wisdom of too many of these gatherings.

Personal.—The second son of Rev. Willis Holmes has enlisted, and is at Chickamauga. He is among the last recruits. Mr. Holmes and his daughter came from Milan to Colebrook on their

wheels. The distance is about forty-five miles. After spending a day at the meeting, they returned the same way. Their route took them through Dixville Notch.

Rev. L. R. Danforth's son is head clerk at the Jefferson Hotel at Jefferson.

Gilmanton.—The pastor is doing very faithful work here, though there is but little to encourage him. Pastoral receipts for the first three months were—well, they would not increase his bank account.

Gilford.—Every one is hopeful here. The pastor, Rev. C. H. Fisher, has written a fine article on Gilford, which is published in the current issue of the *Granite Monthly*. It is elaborately illustrated.

Laconia, First Church.—Seventeen were baptized here a few weeks ago; others will follow the first Sunday in August. All the work is on the upward grade. Mr. Smith has charge of the holiness camp-meeting at Hedding, July 25.

Bethlehem.—This place is putting on its summer dress. All the public houses are open and many of the cottages. Rev. D. Onstott seeks to reach as many as possible. He has excellent congregations, and all things are moving well. B.

Dover District

Hedding.—The increasing popularity of Hedding, N. H., as a summer resort, is not only a testimony to its charming scenery and exceptional healthfulness, but very much of it is due to the means of instruction and entertainment which abound there, and which relieve the otherwise monotonous quiet. The Hedding Chautauqua Association has studied the problem of literary and social demand for such a place, and has happily solved it. Supt. Rowley's program for the Summer School and Assembly last year gave great satisfaction and was largely patronized. He has wrought out a plan for this year which is sure to please. The greatest wonder is how so much of first-class talent from teachers, lecturers, musicians, etc., can be secured for so trifling an expense to the public. Send for handsome programs to the president, Rev. J. W. Adams, Methuen, Mass., or the secretary, C. B. Wingate, Esq., Manchester, N. H.

Rochester.—Methodism here believes in the old-time class-meeting. The church is fortunate in having such faithful leaders and efficient pastor. The church and city met with a serious loss in the death of Rev. Charles Munger. The lawn about the church is carefully looked after by the pastor, Rev. William Ramsden, as well as the other material and spiritual interests. Mr. Ramsden as secretary of the Hedding Camp-meeting Association will soon send out the annual circular, furnishing all essential information.

East Rochester.—Rev. S. O. Keeler and wife received a very hearty welcome by the good people of this parish. There is mutual satisfaction in the providential allotment which assigned Mr. Keeler to this charge. We can see God's handiwork in a Bishop when results are pleasing; otherwise it is the other fellow that is responsible.

Raymond.—Congregations large; spiritual interests good; people and pastor are hard at work and happy.

East Candia.—The amusement question has perplexed the people somewhat, but has not thrown them from their base. When doctors disagree, private members may be expected to differ. Grace will emphasize the essentials, and love will bind in one otherwise divergent parts.

Amesbury entertained the Preachers' Meeting, June 21 and 22. Nineteen preachers of the district and six preachers' wives were present; also three resident pastors of the city. Rev. G. F. Durgin, of Ipswich, and Rev. E. Hitchcock, of Haverhill, were the preachers of the occasion. The program was well carried out. Rev. L. D. Bragg read a paper on "Contemplated Changes in the Epworth League Pledge," which brought out considerable discussion. Rev. J. T. Hooper gave a paper on "Camp-meetings," followed by an address by Rev. Frank Hooper. It was thought best to preach on camp-meeting interests some Sabbath prior to our meeting. Rev. C. H. Farnsworth gave a very original paper on "Changes in Methodist Polity." All the articles were of a high order.

Salisbury.—Charles H. Hartwell, Esq., of Garden St., Lawrence, son of Rev. E. H. Hartwell, gave a fine address on Children's Day. Rev. Joseph Hayes finds health in gardening. He is

deeply interested in the affairs of church and state. Mrs. C. W. Taylor is preparing a fine program for the Woman's Foreign Missionary meeting, to be held at Hedding, Sunday, Aug. 21. Mr. Tard. — greatly burdened over the Sabbath deserts at the beaches. How long shall this christian state of uncivilization continue?

Personals.—Mrs. L. L. Eastman, in delicate health, is at the camp-ground. Her daughter, Mrs. McFadden, is with her.

Mrs. A. T. Wells, of Haverhill, will take up her residence in Middletown, Conn., in the fall. Her son enters Wesleyan University.

James Pike, son of Thornton and grandson of Dr. Pike, is a member of Co. F, New Hampshire Regiment.

George Edward Andrews, of Newfields, has just graduated from Wesleyan University. His mother is a member of our church and quarterly conference.

Charles Hills, son of Dr. C. D. Hills, a graduate of Union College, and a lawyer of New York city, is in the Navy, and is now on the "New Hampshire" in New York harbor.

Rev. O. S. Baketel will preach at Hedding camp-meeting. EMERSON.

Manchester District

Munsonville has a good bell tower paid for, and wants new windows to replace the old sashes which are badly decayed. The pastor is looking up the expense to see if it will be possible this year to pay for such improvements.

Chesterfield is understood to be pleased with the ministry of Rev. H. C. Sawyer and hopes to make the deficit on the claim of last year good and to pay the full claim this year. George Crowninshield is in poor health and the lack of his yeoman service as hitherto is seriously felt by this society.

Hinsdale people are expectantly looking for Zion's enlargement under the ministry of Pastor Cairns who labors among them, and with whose assistance it is hoped that a large company will be on hand at Claremont camp-meeting next month, and return furnished for effective work in the vineyard.

Winchester and Westport still recognize a genuinely consecrated servant of God in Pastor Trow, whose illness on Children's Day was much regretted by all the people, who yet with hearty good-will, old and young, took hold of the work and carried it through successfully, so cheering the pastor's heart.

Personal.—Rev. G. H. Clark, who was located at his own request at the last session of the New Hampshire Conference, is giving his time at present to evangelistic work in tent meetings. He spent the month of June in Keene, and removed after the Fourth with his Gospel tent, which affords accommodations for 250 people, to Haverhill, Mass., in response to a call from the Pentecostal Mission on Washington Square. His son, Edward, sustained quite a painful

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injury by a burn from fireworks on July 4, which makes it necessary to defer the visit to Chesterfield which was in contemplation by Mrs. Clark and the children.

We noted with great grief the announcement in the *HERALD* of the death, at her home in Hyde Park, of Miss Mabel, daughter of Rev. G. L. Collyer, late pastor of St. John's Church, Dover. None of all the numerous friends of Rev. and Mrs. Collyer will more sincerely sympathize with them than will the Dover Methodists. We pray that the God of all comfort may abundantly verify His promise of peace to them as they turn away from the grassy mound piled over the ashes of their beautiful and affectionate Mabel, to take up again the burden and care, bringing it to Jesus, who surely maketh all grace abound.

Rev. T. L. Fowler, long and favorably known in Cheshire County Methodism as an advocate of old-time religion, is very ill, and it is feared that he will not recover footing this side the river; yet has he assurance of a part in the heritage of saints on the other shore.

Fitzwilliam Depot and *Richmond* are declared to be of good heart and courage under the shepherding of Pastor Roberts, who to his measure is giving attention to all parts of the work. Knowing the use of tools, he has built new steps for the house, and is ready to do anything else in the line of mechanics or exegesis as necessity may appear.

Keene.—The people declare that the patriotic sermon of Rev. M. C. Pendexter, of Grace Church, preached July 3, was a model. Packed with instructive truth, it was from start to finish excellent. Plans are made for a series of Sunday evening meetings through the month of July, in which the ladies shall present the subject for discussion each evening. Miss Jennie Brooks opened the series with, "Lessons from Lydia: Hearing, Knowing and Doing." Keene will have a good company at the Claremont Summer School and Camp-meeting next month. Plans for a successful meeting are being laid, and with a few enthusiastic helpers in every charge like Eaton of Keene and Perkins of Antrim among the laity, we must have a successful campaign. The boarding-house will be open Aug. 15 for the accommodation of the Summer School, and it is hoped that we shall see a good attendance. Come up to the feast of tabernacles and help us make it a great occasion in Zion.

That in all this region may soon appear wondrous upspringing of the true Vine with the generous vintage of Canaan's land, let us all most devoutly work, and watch while we pray.

The call for expenses of the next General Conference has just reached us. Please take your Episcopal Fund apportionment of last year as the sum called for this cause, and raise as much as you can this year, so easing the burden of next year.

SIRON.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Vineyard Haven.—Rev. W. D. Wilkinson, the pastor, has found the way to the hearts of this people. His earnest and original presentations of the Gospel continue to attract large congregations. Mr. Wilkinson preached the sermon at the union Memorial services, Sunday, May 29. Many were turned away for want of room. The Children's Day exercises were well executed, and \$15 will be sent to the Board of Education. June 23, the Epworth League gave a reception to the Juniors. All were delighted with the program—the reading of "The Light-House Keeper," illustrated by the stereopticon, all under the skillful hand of the pastor. Two have recently sought Christ.

Cuttyhunk.—Rev. M. C. Wisely has been secured to supply this charge during the summer.

Orleans.—Rev. G. O. Thompson, the pastor, has started on a vacation tour of two months. He will give stereopticon lectures in the different places he visits.

Whitman.—On Sunday, June 26, one of the prettiest services ever held in this church was given by the pastor, Rev. O. E. Johnson, to the graduating class of Whitman high school, who had invited him to deliver the annual sermon. Mr. Johnson took for his subject, "Character: Its Foundation, Development and Culmination," and his sermon was most eloquent and impressive. The auditorium was decorated with the class colors, lavender and white, and mountain laurel, and the platform was banked with palms, ferns

and cut flowers. In the rear was a scroll bearing the class motto. The programs were of tinted lavender. At the graduating exercises, held June 30, Miss Alma P. Johnson, daughter of the pastor, read the class prophecy.

Truro.—There were 102 at the preaching service and 101 in the Sunday-school on a recent June Sabbath. It is expected that Mr. H. M. Moor, of Somerville, a Christian worker connected with Mr. Moody's work, will speak in the church in July. A new carpet is being laid and the church put in order generally. Rev. A. A. Stockdale is pastor.

New Bedford, Howard Church.—This new and vigorous society starts with encouraging prospects. Already the union chapel, hitherto used, has become too small for the Sunday-school or even the regular preaching services. A fine corner lot, of sufficient size for both a church and parsonage, has been secured. It is nearly opposite the present location, which will probably be taken by the widening of the street. Rev. C. Howard Taylor is the right man for the right place. He is rendering Methodism splendid service and leading his people with wisdom and success.

Somerset.—The Ladies' Society are making a heroic attempt to pay off an old debt. They hope to avail themselves of a liberal offer made by a business house and thus save the local resources from being exhausted. The work of the church is progressing under the energetic pastorate of Rev. J. W. Millar.

Provincetown, Centre Church.—The King's Daughters, for the fifth year, gave a reception to the elderly people of the church and parish. It was all that could be desired for such an occasion. The guests were royally received. There were songs, brief addresses, salutations from the pastor, Rev. W. I. Ward, the resident clergymen, president of the King's Daughters, and others. Tea was at 5.30. About 75 sat down. The next day, Thursday, June 30, was Little Light Bearers' Day. From 3.30 to 5.30 children under five were received. There was a pleasing program. Doll souvenirs were distributed.

Bourne.—The high school graduation was held in this church. Rev. R. E. Schuh offered prayer.

Ministerial Association.—The June meeting of the District Ministerial Association was held with the hospitable people of Edgartown on the 27th and 28th. The president, Presiding Elder Everett, called the meeting to order. Dr. Benton, of Fall River, led the opening devotions. A general discussion of "Interdenominational Comity" was opened by Dr. Benton. Rev. L. H. Massey read a carefully wrought out paper on "The Parable of the Unjust Steward." Rev. C. H. Taylor preached the evening sermon from Col. 1: 28. Tuesday's session was opened by Rev. J. W. Millar, who led devotions. Rev. Eben Turrell read a paper on "The Mission of the Holy Spirit," which called forth a lengthy discussion. At 2 P. M. Rev. W. D. Wilkinson read the Scriptures and led in prayer. Rev. F. C. Anderson of Boston University, who has been selected as representative of the Students' Missionary Campaign for a part of the New Bedford District, explained the object of the movement among the Leagues. The papers of the afternoon were by Rev. Edgar F. Clark, "The Harmony of Biblical and Geological Cosmogony;" Rev. C. A. Lockwood, "True Education and its Relation to the Christian Ministry;" Rev. O. T. Hatch, "Our Conference Claimants." Rev. W. D. Wilkinson preached in the evening from John 21: 6.

Personal.—The following from the *Evening Standard*, New Bedford, relates to the son of our presiding elder, and will doubtless be of interest to our readers:—

"Edward S. Everett, a high school junior, is a budding cartoonist, if some of his work, on exhibition in the school drawing display, is any indication. He has conceived and executed with a great deal of evident appreciation of the times, a booklet of war cartoons, containing about a dozen sheets, which are worthy of some study. Europe is shown in one map with country outlines delineating typical national faces. It is entitled, 'After Dewey's Victory,' and the faces are expressive of surprise, fear and anger, sleep, scorn, or jealousy. Another drawing is entitled, 'Another Duckling leaves the Mother Hen.' Spain, standing on a rock near the shore, is the hen. Mexico and Bolivia are full-fledged ducks swimming about in the sea of independence, while Cuba, the duckling, is swimming toward them."

L. S.

Norwich District

North Grosvenor-Dale.—Pentecostal services were held at this place on July 3 and 4, as has been customary, under the charge of Mr. F. M.

Messenger. A free clam-dinner was served, July 4, to about 600. The preachers were Revs. W. H. Hoople and Arthur Howland, of New York, and Rev. Byron Rees, of Providence. A pleasant feature was the immersion, at the mill-pond, of three young people, just before the afternoon service; Rev. G. H. Hastings, under whom they were converted, assisting in the ceremony. Sisters Reed and Williams were present, and other consecrated workers and pastors from neighboring towns. At the altar on Monday a mighty baptism fell upon the people. Two rows of seekers came forward. There were clear cases of both conversion and sanctification. It was the most successful grove service yet held.

Providence District

East Providence.—The pastor, Rev. C. S. Davis, preached on Dexter Training Ground, Sunday afternoon, July 10, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Providence.


Providence, Trinity Union Church.—The Sunday-school went to Point Pleasant, July 8, on the annual picnic and had a very enjoyable time. The steamer "Bay City" was procured and the committee of arrangements provided a program of such interest that every one was more than pleased. The superintendent of this very large school, George W. Smith, went with the school and contributed in no small degree to the success of the affair.

Phenix.—Rev. C. H. Smith, pastor, writes: "At the last session of our Conference I was elected missionary secretary for Providence District. Encouraging reports come from other sections of the Students' Missionary campaign. The church must be aroused to present missionary opportunities. I am glad a campaign worker is to come into our district, and hope every church will avail itself of his assistance."

Bristol.—According to reports, Rev. G. H. Hastings, the new pastor, is making a very good beginning. A burdensome arrearage of \$555 has all been provided for with good subscriptions within a few weeks.

Situate.—There is a turn in the tide here and toward the flood. There are only thirty members here, and of that number only half are able to attend the services. Hence there is a large per cent. of non-professors in the congregation, and

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the problem is, "How can they be brought to see that they should give themselves as well as their means to Christ and the church?" One was received by the pastor, Rev. Joseph Cooper, by certificate, July 3. The Epworth League, which numbers more than the membership of the church, is full of activity and is heartily co-operating with the Ladies' Aid Society in solving the financial problems. It has just sent the pastor to the Bangor convention, defraying his expenses. The mid-week prayer-meetings have doubled in attendance since the beginning of the Conference year. From its situation it seems necessary that this church should be sustained, as it affords the only evangelical teaching in this part of the town. Recently a daughter, Ruth Willard, was born in the parsonage. Rev. and Mrs. Cooper are receiving congratulations.

Providence, Hope St. Church.—Sunday, July 3, was a great day in this church. The pastor, Rev. Rennetts C. Miller, arranged a patriotic program which was successfully presented. The Order of American Mechanics to the number of one hundred and twenty-five were present in a body. Governor Dyer was present at the unfurling of the flag, which took place on the steps of the church, and delivered a patriotic address there. Autograph copies of the two national hymns, "America" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written by their authors, together with some other interesting patriotic documents, were on exhibition at the church. The *Journal* gave an abstract of the pastor's eloquent address. The Union Baptist Church recently gave a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and it proved a very enjoyable affair. These two churches are to unite during August, at which time Mr. Miller will take his vacation.

Personal.—The *Methodist Advocate and Journal*, published in Chattanooga, Tenn., devotes large space to the introduction of Rev. J. M. Taber, pastor of First Church, that city. From a friend residing there this correspondent is able to say that Mr. Taber has made a very pleasant impression upon his new constituency, of whom a very large proportion are young people. He has already made new friends among the other denominations.

Epworth League Convention.—The annual convention of the District League was held in the Tabernacle Church, Olneyville, July 13. At the morning session there was a large attendance notwithstanding the severe rain storm. The sacrament was administered by Presiding Elder Bass. An address of welcome was given by the pastor of the Tabernacle, Rev. W. F. Davis, and response was made by President John M. Nye. C. H. Smith delivered an address on the "Epworth League in the Lord's House." After the customary business, dinner was served in the restaurant connected with the Tabernacle. In the afternoon reports and election of officers occurred. There are 51 chapters in the district in active work, and gratifying reports from delegates were given. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, E. M. Wheeler, of Trinity Union, Providence; vice-presidents, Miss Anna P. Atkinson of Warren, Mrs. Chas. Goddard, Rev. D. L. Sharp of Pearl St. Church, Brockton, Miss Jennie E. Shepardson of North Easton; treasurer, G. N. Ryder of Campello; corresponding secretary, Rev. A. Field of East Greenwich; recording secretary, L. W. Smith of Broadway Church, Providence; superintendent of Junior work, Mrs. J. L. Ingraham of Pawtucket. Miss Margaret Eckley, deaconess, made a report of Junior work for the past year, and John W. Millar, of Somerset, delivered an address on the "Student Volunteer Movement." "The Church and the League" was the subject of an address by Rev. J. N. Geisler. Rev. W. H. Butler had for his topic "The Epworth League." In the evening, after inspiring praise services, the address of the evening was given by Rev. W. J. Yates, of Rockville, Conn., on "How to Be Somebody." The installation of the new officers was performed in an attractive manner by Presiding Elder Bass.

Christian Work among the Jews.—In Providence a society has been formed to promote the introduction of Christianity among the Jews. Mr. William Davidson, formerly of Fall River, is employed by the society. He is an ex-rabbi brought into the Christian faith by the teaching of Rev. Dr. S. O. Benton, pastor of First Church, Fall River. Mr. Davidson finds it more easy to propagate Christian ideas and belief among the Hebrews by personal interviews than by stated meetings. His efforts have met with encouraging success. The persecution of the "mshumed"—the lost one—which the Jews feel bound to

inaugurate, is the unhappy result of his labors. Christian people cannot appreciate the bitter feeling displayed by their race to an apostate—as they look upon the convert to Christianity. A case now in progress here is sad indeed. A young Jew with a wife and child has been thrown out of the street and his furniture taken away from him without process of law. He is strong and large and willing to work, but no work is to be had. Another converted Jew, attempting to help him, has been nearly killed, and at this writing has been arrested as though he were the transgressor. At six o'clock this morning, by false accusation, he was taken to jail, and all because he had given advice and a little friendly aid to the Jew first named. The Jews in Providence have votes, and yet it cannot be that the authorities allow that to influence them. Some people are very free with criticisms and say that the mob was favored and the man assaulted was threatened. KARL.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Eustis, etc.—Rev. Charles W. Dane, a young local preacher from Stoneham, Mass., is supplying this large charge. He does the most of his traveling on foot, but he had made nearly two hundred calls by the middle of June. Our Sunday at Stratton was very rainy, but more than a hundred came out to the service. At Salem the house was full, and some brought their chairs with them. At Kingfield five have been added to the church. Mr. Dane is making a commendable effort to introduce *ZION'S HERALD*. He is a hard worker and a good preacher—so the people say. We expect to hear of victory all over this charge.

Farmington.—Good congregations attend the preaching services. The people are widely scattered, and it is difficult to sustain large and enthusiastic social services.

Industry and Starks.—This is the only charge on the district, if not in the Conference, that plans for an old-fashioned quarterly meeting—sermon Saturday afternoon, followed by the quarterly conference, prayer-meeting in the evening, love-feast at 9.30 Sunday, followed by the preaching service, preaching again at 1 o'clock, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and prayer-meeting in the evening. July 3 was exceedingly hot, and this was a good program. Starks, where the service was held, used to have a population of more than sixteen hundred; now its population is less than seven hundred. It has forty abandoned farms. But Madison, near by, has been having a boom. This is the problem in Maine. But we have a few noble souls here. The presiding elder's claim was paid up to date, and \$5 was donated for the soldiers. Rev. J. Moulton, the preacher in charge, is studious and industrious, and has the hearts of the people.

New Sharon and Mercer.—Things are moving well in all this large charge. It is safe to say that it has been a long time since so much earnest work was done here. The only complaint that the people make against Rev. H. S. Ryder is that he works too hard. At our recent visit 3 were baptized at New Sharon and 1 at Mercer; and 1 was received into full connection at Mercer.

Skowhegan.—The Ladies' Social Circle takes care of the parsonage and keeps it in first-class condition. Hon. E. N. Merrill, without being solicited and at his own expense, has recently put in a bath-room with all the modern conveniences. The society, and especially the pastor's family, greatly appreciate this noble act. On July 3, 4 were baptized and 6 were received in full connection. The League numbers 119. Rev. B. C. Wentworth's Memorial sermon was highly commended.

North Anson.—On July 10, 8 were baptized—part of the fruit of the late revival. A better system of finance has been adopted. Although Rev. J. E. Clancy has been a Baptist until recently, he is giving the people good doses of the Discipline along with sound Gospel.

Miscellaneous.—This elder took in the Epworth League convention at Bangor. Rev. Messrs. Foss and Frost are a great span to plan for a big convention. It is not often that two such big things can be taken in in one day as the excursion to Kineo and Dr. Cadman's lecture. The visitors were horrified at Bangor's open bars.

Rev. Mr. Hemus will help us at our camp-meetings.

Will the pastors pray, and ask their people to

pray, daily, for great victory at our camp-meetings this year? A. S. L.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Bucksport District

Brewer.—The return of Rev. J. Tinling to this charge gives much satisfaction. The congregations are good and the Sunday-school is in a prosperous condition. This church has an active and efficient official board. The great need of this society is a new church edifice.

Brooksville.—This is a large field, with work enough to employ two strong men. The pastor, Rev. D. Smith, is doing all in his power to meet the many demands made upon his time and strength.

Bucksport.—The church cordially welcomed its pastor, Rev. J. T. Richardson. He begins his fourth year hopefully. The financial affairs of this church are carefully looked after. The outlook for the year is encouraging. The closing of the Seminary affects the congregation, but the pastor is greeted from Sabbath to Sabbath by a good audience.

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New York. Chicago.

interests of the Seminary. The election of Miss Stover to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss A. M. Willson, is approved by those acquainted with her. She is a graduate of the Seminary and of Wellesley College, has had experience in teaching, and is well qualified for the position. The same can be said of Miss McKay, who was elected as a teacher to fill the place made vacant by Miss Stover's election as preceptress. Miss McKay is a graduate of Bucksport Seminary and Middletown University. She is a fine scholar and a successful instructor. We prophesy for the Seminary a successful future.

Cutler.—We have no preacher at this place. This society has lost strength during late years. A large congregation was present the evening we visited the place. We are hoping that a change for the better may take place soon.

Columbia Falls, etc.—This charge is being supplied for the present by Rev. O. G. Barnard, a student from Drew Theological Seminary. Mr. Barnard has taken hold of the work with much tact, and his service is appreciated by the people. A permanent supply is expected to take this field at an early date.

East Machias and Whiting.—Rev. A. B. Carter is pastor. The work on this charge is in a flourishing condition. The church at East Machias has been repaired and beautified within and without at an expense of \$600. It was reopened for worship, July 12. All bills are provided for. A fine bell has been added to its conveniences. At Whiting they purpose to commence repairs upon their church in a few weeks. These societies are active in religious work. Mr. Carter is looking for an ingathering of souls.

Eastport.—Rev. F. W. Brooks, the pastor, is diligent in the Master's work. He deserves the earnest support of his people. He is faithful in his pastoral work, and hopes for gracious results.

Eddington.—This society is small but is hearty in its support of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Powlesland. It comes as near to doing according to its ability any church in our Conference. Three persons were baptized a few Sundays ago.

Edmunds.—The pastor, Rev. G. B. Moody, is making an earnest efforts to improve the parsonage property, and is meeting with a good degree of success. He has done the most of the work with his own hands. He hopes for help and he deserves it.

Hampden.—Rev. A. J. Lockhart, the pastor, has begun his fifth year with this people happily. He has good congregations. This is one of the oldest churches we have. It has not the financial strength of some former years, but it has a band of faithful members who are doing what they can to keep alive the interests of the church.

Harrington.—The pastor, Rev. S. O. Young, has been kindly received, and has begun his work with the purpose to win. This charge has lost in membership, so that it has not the means of former years. The strength of this church is outside of the village.

Lubec.—The pastor, Rev. M. S. Hill, is one of our young men, a graduate of our Seminary. The church has given him a cordial welcome, and he feels greatly encouraged. We look for a prosperous year on this charge.

Neally's Corner is supplied by Rev. A. J. Lockhart. July 12, 22 persons were baptized, the presiding elder assisting the pastor. The church here is in a prosperous state and the outlook is very encouraging.

Orland.—The pastor, Rev. W. Lermond, is serving this people with some degree of encouragement. Here, as in many other places, the great need is the "baptism of power."

Pembroke.—Rev. E. S. Gahan, the pastor, has begun his fifth year with this people. We met here the largest attendance at a quarterly conference we have seen thus far on the district. It is evident that the service of the pastor is appreciated by this church.

Penobscot.—Rev. G. M. Bailey, the pastor, is most highly esteemed. He has been encouraged since Conference by an increase of interest on one part of his large field. We heard only good things expressed in regard to our brother. He has been suffering from sickness, but is able to preach, and hopes to regain his health.

South Robinson.—Rev. A. D. Moore is pastor. The society here is in a good state spiritually. The pastor entered into the labors of his predecessor. Five were baptized, July 10, and others will be in the near future. The pastor is very

zealous in his work and beloved by the people whom he serves.

Perry.—This is a part of the charge under the care of Mr. Moore. Here we have a neat church edifice. A large congregation greeted us at a recent visit.

Sullivan.—Rev. J. T. Moore is pastor. The failure of the granite business seriously cripples this society. It is to be hoped that this condition of affairs will be brief. The pastor is earnest and faithful, and is believing for great things.

West Lubec.—For several weeks after Conference this charge was without a supply. The preacher appointed, Rev. J. D. McGraw, has been well received. The serious illness of a daughter has hindered him in his work. North Lubec was added to this charge at the last session of our Conference. This is the busiest place in eastern Maine, being the site of the works for securing gold from sea-water. A large force of men is employed. The managers claim that success is assured.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Johnsbury District

Cabot.—Rev. I. P. Chase received one person to full membership at the last communion, and baptized 2 and received them on probation.

Evansville.—The pastor, Rev. O. E. Newton, has just received one person on probation, and other hopeful signs appear.

West Concord.—Rev. J. E. Knapp begins his fourth year at this place with his trust in God. Where the general conditions are kept good all

is being done in many of our rural fields that can reasonably be expected.

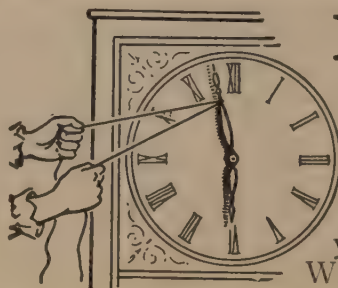
Victory.—This is another of the discouraging fields, but Rev. George S. Smith is heroically trying to subdue the place in the name of the Lord.

Barton Landing.—Things have a decided upward tendency here. Congregations are large, and 45 were at class-meeting last week. The pastor, Rev. J. A. Dixon, has received 6 into the church—3 in full and 3 by letter. H. A. S.

Montpelier District

Ascutneyville.—For the first time in their history the Methodists of this place are organized into a charge by themselves. This is agreeable to the people at Windsor, as well as to those at Ascutneyville, as they are both served by the same pastor—Rev. Chas. O. Judkins—and both he and the people work together in perfect harmony. The church at Ascutneyville decided to adopt the plan of weekly offerings, and took other advance steps. Everything points to a most prosperous year.

White River Junction.—As usual, prosperity prevails on this charge. The Sunday-school is under the efficient charge of Capt. Alex. Davis, who gallantly commanded a company of colored soldiers in the civil war. A very interesting report of the recent State Epworth League convention was given by Miss Martin, a young lady connected with the church who is studying for the deaconate. The Epworth League has been newly organized, and all of the departments will be conducted according to the constitution. Pastor Hough is receiving congratulations on all hands concerning his poem read at the Burlington convention, and has finally consented to



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publish the same in pamphlet form. It can be procured of him in quantities at ten cents per copy.

Randolph Centre.—Notwithstanding losses by deaths and removals, this little church keeps up wonderfully. The attendance at the week-evening meetings is proportionately large, as is the Sunday-school, and the preaching service as well. Rev. Charles F. Partridge is serving this charge for the fifth year, and was never more beloved than now.

Springfield.—Five were received from probation at the July communion. The congregations are steadily increasing, and a spirit of increased hope and courage permeates the people as a whole. Dr. Rowland is proving to be in the right place, and is a worthy successor to the distinguished men who have preceded him.

RETLAW.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

South District

Boston, Tremont St. Church.—Rev. J. D. Pickles, Ph. D., writes under date of July 16: "A patriotic flag-raising took place just before prayer-meeting Friday evening, July 15, at this church. We flew a fine flag from the tower with appropriate services of song, an original poem by Miss Minnie L. Upton, and a short address by the pastor. Afterward the chapel was filled with a happy audience, and patriotic addresses were made by Mr. Joshua Merrill, Mr. Arey and others, closing at 9 P. M. with 'America.'"

Boston, First Church.—Rev. C. L. Goodell will spend next Sunday with First Church, Temple St., preaching in the morning and leading the social service in the evening. U.

Worcester, Trinity.—For a successful Sunday-school picnic the palm must be awarded to this church. Of course July 4 is a day for celebrations, but even the day will not account for the unusually large number of more than seven hundred that went to Sterling for the annual outing. Everybody, including the Chinese, went. How the fire-crackers were offered up by the Celestials! No one but a Chinaman appreciates the possibilities of this particular bit of potential noise. It is said that the fifty Asiatics who went on the trip fired away \$40 worth of their country's special product. Though extremely hot, the games and diversions were on the same scale and just as delightful as ever.

Dr. Emerson Warner and his wife have returned from their annual journey. They left Worcester the 15th day of December, and made their first stop in Havana, remaining there two days and thereby acquiring knowledge of the locality that is decidedly useful in the times of talk over war matters in that part of the world. Thence they went to Yucatan and studied prehistoric America for awhile. Next they sailed for Vera Cruz whence, by easy stages, they went to Mexico, and that place held them for a full month. As the season advanced, they moved northward, reaching California March 12. In this delectable land they tarried till they were able to do the Yosemite Valley. Then going through the Shasta Valley they went to Portland, and, by the Northern Pacific, journeyed eastward, stopping on the way to inspect the glories of the Yellowstone Park, finally reaching home June 15, just six months after their departure.

Webster Square and Coral St.—These two churches united in their picnic and had all the better time thereby. They went down to our own Lake and played games and ate their fill. For some reason all the prizes went to the Square except the base-ball game, which was won by the Coral St. boys. Considering that Pastor Adams was up in Bangor, Me., attending the Epworth League convention, we must conclude that he has his lads well drilled.

Mrs. Robert Pierce, a returned missionary, recently addressed the people of Coral St. on her travels, especially on her observations in Australia.

Rev. L. W. Adams, who went to Bangor on the Epworth convention trip, is preparing a sermon wherein he will portray the results of his observations on the peculiar situation as to prohibition in that Maine city. It will be a good one, for the subject is without a parallel in this country.

Grace.—Tuesday, July 12, the Epworth League had a picnic trolley ride to Leicester, and the day being pleasant, they enjoyed the trip accordingly.

Swedish.—Both Thomas St. and Quinsigamond

have had their Sunday-school outings, though they did not go away from the city. Presumably they had just as good a time and received just as much benefit from the day off as they would have done had they ridden twenty miles.

Laurel St.—This church has suffered an irreparable loss in the death, on Friday, July 7, of Mr. Charles O. Richardson, long one of the most prominent members of our body in Worcester. Constant, devoted, liberal—who will take his place? A business man of acknowledged force and success, the very best of friends and neighbors, we shall ever miss him. He was not old—only 64; always alert and active, we lament in whatever way we turn. There should have been many years of effectual labor for him, but he has paid the penalty so often received by our hurrying men of affairs. Their energy wears them out before their time. Every man at all familiar with Worcester Methodism will agree with every word of this statement, with, perhaps this comment: "It is not stated half strong enough." He was one of our giants, and we loved him. The funeral was held at the late home of the deceased, and was conducted by the pastor of Laurel St., Rev. H. H. Paine. Fitting and feeling eulogies were pronounced by Revs. Alonzo Sanderson and George W. Mansfield, both former pastors. Then followed full Masonic ceremonies of the Knight Templar degree. There was a very large attendance of the representative citizens of Worcester, all of whom mourned the removal from their midst of this estimable fellow-laborer. The burial was in Hope Cemetery. QUIS.

W. H. M. S.—A mass meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Societies of the Methodist churches of Worcester was held in Trinity Church, June 26. Mrs. G. W. Mansfield, of Newton Lower Falls, the Conference president, presided. Mrs. C. W. Gallagher, of Auburndale, the general Conference organizer, made the address, giving a general review of the work done by the W. H. M. S. This meeting took the place of the evening service. Mrs. Mansfield spoke briefly of the work done by the Medical Mission, also of the Immigrant Home. Much interest was manifested throughout the meeting. Trinity choir furnished excellent music.

MRS. W. S. CLARK, Dist. Sec.

West District

Ware.—The new church having been dedicated, the pastor, Rev. J. W. Fulton, is looking for the money to reduce the indebtedness to \$1,000, more than which, it has been decided, shall not be allowed to rest on the building.

Enfield.—Rev. W. T. Miller, the pastor, is doing his work faithfully, and pushing arrangements for repairing and remodeling the church edifice.

East Templeton.—Arrangements are being made for some repairs on the church edifice. Rev. F. W. Gilmore, the pastor, is very popular with his people, and is meeting good success.

Winchendon.—The people are glad that their pastor, Rev. A. L. Howe, is returned for a second year. Congregations are good, all things are ap-

parently in a healthful state, and there seems to be a growing interest.

Westfield.—Rev. L. H. Dorchester's fifth year as pastor with this church finds him in as much favor with his people as ever. Despite the fact that business has been very dull, the finances of the church are in an unusually good condition for this early period of the Conference year, and it is in contemplation to do certain work which will add to the attractiveness of the preacher's house.

Chicopee.—The people are pleased with the preaching ability of their pastor, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, who secures attention not only from his own people but from others for his fearless and clear statements on various matters of interest. This charge is moving on in the even tenor of its way.

Wilbraham.—Dr. W. H. Thomas, appointed here at the last session of the Annual Conference, is winning the hearts of the resident congregation, and, not less, of the students in the Academy. He himself seems happy in his appointment.

Hampden and Glendale.—Both parts of this charge are well pleased with their new pastor, Rev. J. W. Eltzholtz, who is the son of a Western presiding elder. Mr. Eltzholtz has gone to Nebraska, whence he will bring back a bride.

Feeding Hills.—The work here, under the pastoral care of Rev. G. W. Crosby, is prospering. Since the new year came in the congregations have doubled in size and spiritual interest among the members is being quickened. A Junior League has been started, and earnest effort is put forth to interest the young people of the town in salvation. Pastor and people are looking with prayerful expectation for a deep and far-reaching work of grace.

South Hadley Falls.—Everything here bids fair for a prosperous year. The pastor, Rev. John Mason, is much liked by his people, and is "pushing things." The occupants of the parsonage rejoice over the recent advent of their first child. H.

Corner Stone Laying at Newton Centre

That was an interesting and gratifying service at Newton Centre, Friday afternoon, July 15, when the corner-stone of the new church was laid. Rev. George H. Spencer, the pastor, had general charge of the services, assisted by Bishop Mallalieu, Drs. W. R. Clark and W. E. Huntington, and Revs. W. I. Haven, E. H. Hughes and George H. Perkins. Revs. J. H. Mansfield, G. W. Mansfield and C. E. Holmes were present. The ritual of the church, which was closely followed, was made very impressive. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Mallalieu, assisted by Hon. Alden Speare, president of the board of trustees, Mr. Avery L. Rand, chairman of the building committee, and Mr. Robert D. Andrews, architect. In the box underneath the corner-stone were placed the Bible, Hymnal, Discipline, Methodist Year-books for '97 and '98, portrait of Dr. Butler, Minutes of '98, year-books of church '84, '85, '95, '98, records of trustees, records of building committee, copies of church calendars, photo-



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about the house. They come easily and
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graphs of old engine house where first Methodist service was held in Newton Centre, and of the church and parsonage, Boston University year-book '98, ZION'S HERALD of June 1, *Christian Advocate* of July 14, *New York Independent*, *Outlook*, *Boston Herald*, *Boston Journal*, *Newton Graphic*, and the address of Bishop Mallalien. The trowel used on this occasion was a new one which had been used but once before, and then in the laying of the corner-stone of the Boston Chamber of Commerce by His Honor the Mayor of Boston.

Bishop Mallalien then said: "We stand on hallowed ground. In this vicinity John Eliot preached to the dusky sons of the forest. Ever since that time Newton has been famous for its churches. This one is new, but it is intimately connected with those of the past. The erection of this edifice does not mean the lack of places for religious worship, but in the freedom of these last days it is permitted every man to worship under his own vine and fig tree with no one to molest or to make him afraid. The right to worship in our own way is an inheritance from our Pilgrim ancestors who suffered the snows of winter and the privations of the wilderness that we might enjoy this privilege. For this the Puritans left their homes in sunny England and established a commonwealth which is even now the pride of all their sons; for this Cromwell, Knox, the Hollanders, endured sorrows, shed blood, and made the name of their little country sacred and their own names immortal; for this men gave their lives; for this the Covenanters, Calvinists, Waldensians, Hussites, were willing to do and to die. Now we reap where they have sown. Now we enjoy the free church, free homes, and free schools. Every new house of worship witnesses of the past and is a prophecy of the future. Each testifies that Christianity is not a failure, that Christ is not to be relegated to the realm of myth and legend. The Gospel has overleaped the narrow confines and is now a mighty factor in this world's development. It has gone forth conquering and to conquer. This new temper is a prophecy of the future. Even now there is no country where some herald of the cross has not entered. It is a great undertaking to bring all these to Christ, but it is nevertheless sure that Christ will some day reign from shore to shore, for to Him all power is given in heaven and in earth. He will overturn all evil and reign over all the earth, and overcoming all obstacles will reign forever. Thrones even now totter at the sound. The church needs not political support, for it is founded on a rock. These walls as they rise in enduring proportions but symbolize the power which marches and shall march to the conquering of a redeemed world. This work identifies you with all the holy ones of the past and with those which are to come. This edifice recognizes the depravity of human nature, and points to the possibility of deliverance. It speaks of the power of sin, of the possibility of pardon, of the witness of the Spirit, and of the blessedness of the indwelling of the Comforter. It is in harmony with the Apostles' Creed, with the spirit and truth of the Bible, and with the precious belief in a resurrection from the dead. It teaches us of an honorable faith and is full of hope. Only sin shuts any one out of heaven. This blessed faith we hold not because it is dear to the saints, but because we are sure it is taught in Scripture and it commends itself to all conscientious and sincere souls. We feel proud that we are permitted to contribute something to the uplifting of humanity and to the praise of God. We here join hands for the overthrow of evil; we join hands that the glorious day shall hasten when the knowledge of our God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. May God grant that these walls shall stand unshaken until the realization of this blessed hope!"

Dr. Clark followed the able address of the Bishop with this characteristically fitting and impressive prayer: "We thank Thee that Thou hast brought us to this hour—this hour of hope and confidence in God and in the redemption of Christ. We thank Thee for the influences still going out and which have focalized here. We thank Thee that we are permitted to lay a corner-stone where Thy honor may dwell. What are we, O God, that we should erect a building to Thee whose glory fills the universe? We come to Thee only through Christ as we commence this enterprise and ask Thy blessing. We thank Thee for the history of this church and for the memories of this hour. We thank Thee for the Christian men who united in the origin of this church. Some of them have gone to their reward; and some yet remain with us to give us

their counsel. We thank Thee that the revival flames have been perpetuated in its history, that so much harmony and fellow feeling have attended its growth, that no discords have marred its development, that through the generosity of one of its members this beautiful site was purchased for Thy house. As we stand here may we be conscious that Thou art nigh, coming with the cloud of Thy presence. As this rises with all of its ornamentation, may it be recognized as the dwelling-place of the Divine Presence and a symbol of Thy matchless love. As music here voices the hymnology of the church, may many hearts be drawn heavenward! May this edifice see the higher revealing of God's truth, a greater insight into Christian responsibilities. May it come as a brightening power to the homes of this people, and help in the moral prosperity of this entire community. May its young people be fitted for holier service in this vineyard. May the pulpit ever be filled with godly men, inspired with the Holy Ghost, true to Thee, to themselves, to the truth, and to the welfare of men. May here unconverted men be brought to Christ. May the blessing on the united labors be manifest by Thy presence among Thy people, and may power from on high come to each worshiper in this church. O Lord, vindicate the Gospel of Thy Son here as also throughout the denomination, our beloved land, and the whole world. Bless, we pray Thee, the sister churches of this place; prosper them, and may their united labors conserve the community! We would praise Thee for the victory of our arms, and may peace soon come to our nation in a peace such as the enlightened nation and the world demand! O Lord, we pray Thee, keep us under the shadow of Thy wing constantly, for the sake of Thy beloved Son, who taught us, praying, to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' The congregation then joined in the Lord's Prayer.

The building committee consists of Avery L. Rand, Edwin M. Towle, Alexander Montgomery, Lewis R. Speare, George F. Richardson. The architects are Andrews, Jacques & Rantoul, Boston, and the builders, Pitman & Brown, Salem.

An Explanation by Dr. Brady

MR. EDITOR: I was exceedingly disturbed by the recent announcement made by Dr. Brady, and interviewed him. I requested him to make an explanation of the unfortunate notice, and he has given me the following, which, I trust, you will give a place in the HERALD.

J. H. MANSFIELD.

Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, D. D. :—

MY DEAR ELDER: You ask me to explain how it came to pass that the unfortunate title of a late sermon of mine came to be given. It was in this way: I had prepared a discourse on another subject for that evening, but was walking down the street and met a man hawking patriotic badges. I looked at one, and was so stirred to find such a monstrosity here in Boston that I in-

stantly resolved to speak against it. I asked the man to quit selling and the people to quit buying, and then came home and wrote out my notices for the newspapers. I used the profane language on the badge to impress the people with the horrible character of the profanity. I also used it with the design of gaining the attention of swearers, and so induce them to give up swearing. My object was to strike such a blow as would prostrate the profane habit so prevalent among young men in our city. But when Saturday morning came and I looked at the notice on my bulletins and in the papers I saw I had made a mistake. The deed, however, was done, and it was too late to undo it. I had a miserable Sunday on account of those bulletins and notices, and I was glad indeed when the evening service was over and could order them down. I since then have learned that other people felt almost as badly about it as I did myself. I now see more clearly than ever that the name of a discourse is the part that enters the public mind, and if it is not right, those who do not hear conclude everything else is wrong. On such matters in future "wisdom must dwell with prudence" with me. It would have been easy to have chosen "Blasphemy on the Badge," or some such title, and so have spared myself much mortification and also the feelings of friends I "esteem very highly in love for their works' sake." My only hope now is that God in His great mercy, wisdom and love, will so guide the general current of events that some good to swearing people will come out of it after all. In the meantime I bespeak the pardon of offended ones, and promise to be more careful in the time to come.

As for myself, I would rather die than disgrace Methodism that brought me to the Lord; Methodism that took me by the hand when a poor, motherless, wandering boy; Methodism, that lifted me up and led me on and gave me so many marvelous blessings; Methodism, that called me from the swine husks to the Father's house and sent swelling through my discordant soul those sacred symphonies that have brought me into harmony with myself, my Saviour, and the supreme forces of this universe; Methodism, that has been to me the most true and tender friend through all these pilgrim years; Methodism, that by her coherent ministries has kept me in virtue's path, and through whose loving leadings I expect to emerge from the gloomy battle-grounds of time into the light-circled pavilions of eternity. Methodism—disgrace her? Every faculty and fibre of my being cries, Perish the thought! and perish the practice! No matter what happens to me, let Methodism be taken care of.

Yours most truly for any service,
JAMES BOYD BRADY.

—Rev. J. W. Wadman and family are at home on a year's furlough, after an absence of nine years. Mr. Wadman has been one of our most efficient missionaries in Japan.

BOSTON BLEND



is a combination of the finest Coffees grown on the American continent. It may seem odd (and it is) to see coffee advertised as "American." In these times most people think they are drinking Java or Mocha, but the fact remains that the great bulk of the coffee used throughout the world is raised on the American Continent. BOSTON BLEND, then, appeals:

- 1st. — To Lovers of Fine Coffee.
- 2d. — To Lovers of Money.
We sell it at 25 cents per lb. (50 cents for 2-lb. can.)
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Because the can contains just what the label calls for.

Briefly: BOSTON BLEND is Good, Low-Priced and Honest.

We roast the Coffee in our own building, granulate it and pack it in two-pound cans while hot. Granulation differs from grinding; ground coffee is uneven—some coarse and some fine—and muddy coffee is

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If your grocer does not sell it we will prepay express on two cans (4 lbs.) to any address in New England on receipt of \$1 00

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CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

New England Chautauqua S. S. Assembly at Lakeview, South Framingham, Mass., July 18-29
Sixth Annual Convention of Christian Workers at Old Orchard, Maine, Rev. L. B. Bates, leader, July 30-Aug. 8
HEDDING CHAUTAUQUA:
Summer School, Aug. 1-6
Biblical Institute, Aug. 8-13
Assembly, Aug. 13-20
West Dudley Camp-meeting, Aug. 5-16
Richmond Camp-meeting, Rev. I. T. Johnson in charge, Aug. 5-16
YARMOUTH CAMP-GROUND:
Temperance Day, Aug. 3
Sunday-school Day, Aug. 4
Missionary Day, Aug. 7
Camp-meeting, Aug. 8-15
Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting, Aug. 8-15
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 14-21
Wells Camp-meeting, August 15-20
New Haven District Camp-meeting at Plainville, Aug. 15-20
Empire Grove Camp-meeting, Aug. 15-22
Laurel Park Camp-meeting will begin August 22
Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-27
Lyndonville Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-27
Hedding Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-27
East Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-28
North Anson Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-28
Williamsville Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-28
Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29
E. Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29
Claremont Junco. Union Camp-meeting, Aug. 23-30
Groveton Camp-meeting, Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Rockland Dist. Camp-meeting at Nobleboro, Me., Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Kearsarge Camp-meeting at Willmot, N. H., Aug. 29-Sept. 2
Allen Camp-meeting at Strong, Me., Aug. 29-Sept. 4

DISTRICT STEWARDS' MEETING. — The district stewards of Lewiston District will hold their annual meeting at Empire Grove, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 1.30 p. m. J. A. COREY.

NORTHPORT CAMP-MEETING. — This meeting will open Aug. 22 and close Aug. 29, holding over the Sabbath. Evangelist H. L. Gale will assist the leader of the meeting, Rev. J. M. Frost.

NOTICE. — Any church that has unused second-hand singing books will do a good thing if they will send them to Rev. G. H. Hemus, Bingham, Me. A. S. LADD, P. E.

PULPIT SUPPLY. — Rev. S. K. Smith, of Marlboro, Mass., will be glad to serve as pulpit supply either for a single Sabbath or continuously. Address 83 East Main St., Marlboro, Mass.

METHODIST DEACONESS ASSEMBLY. — The national meeting of the Deaconess Assembly will be held at Acton Camp-ground, Acton (Indianapolis), Ind., Aug. 6-8. All deaconesses, members of Conference boards and boards of management, trustees of Homes and Societies, are invited to share in the deliberations of the Assembly. Bishop Joyce will preside. A very interesting program has been provided. The following themes will be presented and discussed by eminent speakers and workers, including Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer and twenty-five other women prominent in deaconess work, Bishop Joyce, Revs. H. O. Weakley, W. E. McLennan, A. J. Conliss, H. W. Bennett, and E. M. Mills: "The Deaconess Ideal," "The Deaconess in Relation to the Church," "The Deaconess in Relation to the Sick," "The Deaconess in Relation to Neglected Fields," "The Deaconess and the Epworth League." It is desired that there may be a large attendance of all interested in deaconess work. Per order of Com.

CONVERTED ACTOR NO. 2. — The "Rev. Burrill," against whom the public was warned in ZION'S HERALD of June 29 by Rev. Guy Roberts, of Fitzwilliam Depot, N. H., has appeared in New York State. He visited West Hoosick, N. Y., and then held meetings two evenings in the M. E. Church at Boyntonville, N. Y., and mysteriously disappeared. "Mrs. Burrill" is still with him. He claims now to be connected with Bromfield St. Church, Boston, instead of Tremont St. Church, and bears the endorsement of Dr. L. B. Bates, the pastor. The pair were last seen on the streets of Troy, N. Y., July 13. Pastors and others in eastern Massachusetts and eastern Vermont would do well to be on the lookout. Brother Roberts' description is accurate, and he still follows the same methods, with the addition of "solo singing." H. H. WASHBURN.
Pittstown, N. Y., July 14.

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MARRIAGES

MARSHALL — SARTELLE — In East Pepperell, June 15, by Rev. C. H. Hanaford, John E. Marshall and Hattie S. Sartelle, both of Pepperell.
OLLIS — TULLOCK — July 12, by the same, Harry F. Ollis and Jessie A. Tullock, both of Pepperell.

DEPOT OF SUPPLIES. — Headquarters of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. S. will be closed during August. Please order your supplies before July 30, as no orders will be filled after that date until Sept. 1.
Per order of committee,
JULIA F. SMALL, Agent.

AN URGENT CALL FOR AFRICA. — Bishop Hartzell wants immediately two experienced teachers for East Africa. At least one must be able to teach instrumental and vocal music. Husband and wife preferred. The work is among white Europeans, mostly English and Americans, and in a healthy mountainous section. Address the Bishop at 160 Fifth Ave., New York, giving full particulars as to education, experience, and convictions as to foreign work.

SENATOR HOAR ON MISSIONS

IN the course of Senator Hoar's great speech upon the annexation of Hawaii, he paid the following high tribute to the New England missionaries who settled the islands:—

"I have regretted to hear in this debate some sneers at the missionaries and the sons of missionaries who have redeemed Hawaii, and who are now presenting her at the gates to the people of the United States. I know something about that quality. I know something of the New England missionaries and of the like missionaries from other parts of the country who, wherever, either in a foreign land or within our own borders or on the frontiers, there has been a contest for civilization and Christianity and peace, have been in the front ranks. I knew the fathers of these men in my youth, and I have watched their character and career ever since.

"All over the West, all over the South after the civil war, almost before the first settler arrived with his measuring chain or his rifle on the frontier, the Methodist or the Congregationalist or the Presbyterian missionary is found in advance. The cornerstone of the church precedes the cornerstone of the cabin. There is not a story of true heroism or true glory in human annals which can surpass the story of missionaries in this or in foreign lands whom America has sent forth as the servants of civilization and piety. They have taken their lives in their hands. They have sacrificed ambition, family ties, hope, health and wealth. No danger that stood in their way, no obliquy, deterred them.

"In this day of our pride and exultation at the deeds of our young heroes in Manila and in Cuba, let us not forget that the American missionary in the paths of peace belongs to the same heroic stock and is an example of the same heroic temper.

"Our brethren and our children have done in the West what our fathers did in the East. Under new conditions, in a later age, on the shore of a more pacific sea, in a more genial climate, they are to repeat in the near future the old and wondrous story.

"The world shall see in that far clime the streets of a wealthier New York, the homes of a more cultured Boston, the halls of a more learned Harvard, the workshops of a busier Worcester. The time has come for another step and another advance, until half way between America and Asia, in the very centre of the Pacific, the United States is to plant her flag, the emblem not of empire, not of tyranny, not of force, but of freedom, of equality, of self-government, of peace."

U. S. NAVY

Illustrated Lecture



Seventy Views of Ships, Guns and Men of the Old Navy and the New, by Rev. D. H. Tribou, 26 years a Chaplain in the Navy, now on duty at Navy Yard, Boston. Address him there for terms and dates.



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removes the causes by aiding digestion. An effervescent, agreeable remedy that has been in favor 50 years. 50c. and \$1.00. All druggists.



OBITUARY

I know not where, beneath, a
The gathering place so wonderful
But all who fill our life with love
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh, rich with all the wealth of grace,
Oh, bright with many a holy face,
Is that exalted meeting place!

With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad home-land not far away!
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.

— Anon.

Strout.— Harriet Atwood Strout was born Jan. 13, 1813, and died June 21, 1898, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. William Miller, in West Durham, Me., where she had made her home for nearly twenty-five years. She was a life-long resident of Durham.

She married William Wallace Strout, Aug. 25, 1831. She was converted and baptized in 1840, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church Feb. 7, 1858. She was ever known and will long be remembered as a woman of strong Christian character and example.

Her illness was of short duration. Stricken with apoplexy, she became almost instantly unconscious, lingering four days, then passing quietly away to be with the Saviour whom she loved so well in life. The Bible was her constant companion. She read it through twelve times in twelve years. She was ever ready and watching for the summons. Thus a beautiful Christian left the church militant to join the church triumphant.

W. H. VARNEY.

Noyes.— Jane L. Lamb Noyes was born in Westbrook, Me., Oct. 18, 1829, and died in Woodfords, Me., June 19, 1898.

Mrs. Noyes was converted in early life and was always a faithful and devout follower of her beloved Saviour, and though shadows crossed her path yet she never faltered in her close walk with Him. Hers was an experience marked and clear, and the influence of her life a blessing to all who knew her. A sufferer for many years, she finally came to the river with undimmed faith in Him who had been "with her all the way," and crossed sweetly and peacefully to the other side.

In 1850 she was united in marriage with Mr. Wm. Noyes, who survives her. Seven children were given them—Howard A. Noyes of Woodfords, Me.; Mrs. John H. Gillman and Mrs. W. H. Hill of Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. F. B. Grindle and Mrs. W. H. Quackenbush of Somerville; Wm. H. Noyes of Lynn; and Frederick A. Noyes of Boston—who deeply mourn the loss of a most true and devoted mother.

She passed away in the home of her sister, Mrs. W. H. Neal, of Woodfords, who, with the aid of another sister, Mrs. Rev. G. F. Cobb, of Gorham, Me., and other friends, ministered to her in her last hours. Her brother, Henry Lamb, of Saco, and sister, Mrs. A. M. Gardner, of Portsmouth, with many friends, mourn the death of one who was ever a friend and helpful counselor.

D. F. FAULKNER.

Keene.— Mrs. Maria Keene died at Ripley, Me., March 18, 1898, aged 91 years.

Mrs. Keene was born in Castine, Me., and when only seven years old came to Dexter, Me., where she lived for eighty-four years, seeing the place change from a wilderness to a beautiful and prosperous village. She had a rich religious experience. At the age of fifteen she was converted, and after a few years joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Dexter, where she ever remained a faithful, useful, and greatly beloved member. During her middle life, by reading the *Guide to Holiness* and the Holy Scriptures she was led to seek all of the fullness of Christ's salvation and a clean heart. Her faith soon claimed what she sought, and from that day until death set her spirit free she ardently loved and defended the doctrine of holiness. She was of great spiritual help to her weaker brothers and sisters in Christ. She loved the church of her choice, and was the pastor's truest helper. Liberal in her contributions for the regular support of the Gospel, she also gave most generously to create and improve the church property. The Dexter Methodist Church will always thank God for the high standard of the true Christian life which she for so many years held up in their midst.

As she neared the other shore she had no fears. The heavenly home looked bright and fair, and every prospect of the future life was glorious. In her old age she was lovingly cared for by faithful daughters and

relatives, all of whom call her memory blessed. After settling up all of her earthly accounts and leaving a fund for use in the church after her departure, she went up to be with the blessed Christ and the loved ones gone before, and to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Beloved and panted sister, farewell! Farewell, till the shadows of this earthly life are passed! Farewell, till the blessed morning breaks full in the heavenly skies! Then we'll meet again and be forever with the Lord.

J. F. HALEY.

Harlow.— William Henry Harlow, son of Rev. R. W. Harlow, was born in Worcester, Vt., Nov. 12, 1861, and died at the home of his parents in Park Rapids, Minn., Sunday evening, June 26, 1898, of neuralgia of the heart.

He was born of Christian parents—sturdy Methodist stock. He graduated from the English High School, Boston, in July, 1880, and was poet laureate of his class. At the age of fourteen, while attending the Hamilton camp-meeting, after hearing Bishop Gilbert Haven deliver one of his masterly sermons, he decided to give his life to Christ and join the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he continued faithful until death. His religious experience was clear.

Though afflicted for the most of his life, the Christ he loved, who is the remedy for the world's ills, was precious to his life. He was ready, at the Master's call, to go from suffering and pain to peace and joy. The scene of his passing from death unto life was beautiful. The father, Rev. R. W. Harlow, was confined in Asbury Hospital, Minneapolis, and was unable to be present at the death of his son. But, calling his mother and brother, and bidding them good-bye, he tells them to come soon and join him in the land of the blest.

In 1884 the family moved from New England to Kansas hoping the change of climate would benefit the son. Afterwards they moved to Winona, Minn., remaining there several years. In the fall of 1893 they moved to Park Rapids, Minn., when the deceased entered into business on a small scale; but by wise management and an increasing business his stock was enlarged from time to time, until he became one of the leading merchants of this town. He had one of the best of minds for business, and had his physical abilities been as strong as his mental powers, his equal in this respect could hardly have been found. He was thoroughly honest in all of his dealings, kind-hearted and gentlemanly. He will be missed. He was greatly interested in the work of the church, and desired that all he had, finally, should go to the church. Especially was he interested in mission work. He always took and read with pleasure ZION'S HERALD, and often said he could not get along without it.

Short funeral services were conducted at the home on Tuesday morning, June 28, by his pastor, Rev. E. K. Copper, assisted by Rev. William Rice, and the remains were then taken to Winona, Minn., for burial, attended by an affectionate mother and brother, who had cared for him in all his affliction.

E. K. COPPER.

Wallace.— Mrs. Susan W. Wallace, daughter of David Martin and Mary Hemenway, was born in Bridgton, Me., Dec. 8, 1823, and died at Epping Camp-ground, N. H., June 15, 1898.

At the age of sixteen years she gave her heart to Christ, was baptized and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Andover during the pastorate of Rev. Charles Adams. Feb. 1, 1849, she became the wife of Stephen York Wallace, who served as a supply in the New England Southern Conference for ten years. She entered with joy into his labors, for she loved the Methodist Church, and when he left the ministry because of the failure of his voice, she joined with him the Haverhill St. Church at Lawrence. Here they remained until the death of her husband, when she came to Lowell and united by letter with the Highland Church. For the past seventeen years she has made her home with her sister, Mrs. Daniel R. Wallace, who married a brother of her husband. During this time she has been a faithful and interested member of the church of her choice, and though confined most of the time for the past six years to the house through feebleness of body, her love never flagged and none followed more closely the progress of the church. For fifty-two years ZION'S HERALD has come to her home a welcomed visitor. Her experience was sunny and hopeful.

Her last months were spent in great feebleness of body, but as the early summer drew near she greatly desired to spend the season in her loved cottage home at Epping. Her

friends reluctantly consented, and made every arrangement for her comfort. She seemed to have a premonition that the end was near, for she arranged with her sister what she wished done in event of her death. Shortly after her arrival at Epping she took a severe cold which resulted in pneumonia. Unwilling to disturb her friends, she delayed notifying them until the disease had sapped her little strength. They reached her bedside too late. Her last hours were full of peace. Gentle hands ministered to her, and a loving Saviour was her support. She repeated the beautiful sentences of the 23d Psalm near the end, and its words of trust were the last she uttered.

Two brothers and one sister remain to mourn their loss. Her only child, a son, died at the age of eleven years.

The funeral services, in charge of Rev. James W. Higgins, her pastor, were held in her cottage at Epping. The interment was in Lawrence, where by the side of her husband and son she rests in hope of a glorious resurrection.

J. W. HIGGINS

McKown.— Mrs. Sarah F. McKown was born on Barter's Island, Boothbay, Me., 1856, and spent most of her life there, removing to Boothbay Harbor four years ago. She was converted to God under the ministry of Rev. Paschal E. Brown, and joined the church the same year, 1872-'3. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn their loss. Her only son, Wendell Phillips, graduated from Bowdoin College, June 23. Although ailing for some time and very weak, Mrs. McKown went from Bath, where she had been staying with her sister, Mrs. Harry Stuart, to Brunswick to witness the graduation exercises. She saw her son receive his diploma, but was too weak to attend the evening exercises. The following day she passed away. Her oldest daughter is a student in the Boston Conservatory of Music. Her youngest child is a little girl six years of age. Mrs. McKown was highly respected. Many friends attended the funeral on Sunday.

WILLIAM WOOD.

ECZEMA ON BABY

My little six-months old girl had Eczema. We used all kinds of remedies, but she kept getting worse. I used to wrap her hands up, and to dress her, had to put her on the table. I could not hold her, she would kick and scream, and, when she could, she would tear her face and arms almost to pieces. Four boxes of CUTICURA (ointment), two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT cured her, and no traces are left.

Feb. 7, '98. Mrs. G. A. CONRAD, Lisbon, N. H.

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